NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND HENRY F. HARRINGTON,—EDITORS.

VOL. 18. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1835. NO. 37.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

Is Published Saturdays, by SAMUEL CONDON & CO. no 98, Court Street, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, IN ADVANCE.

Communications for the paper, may be addressed, post paid, to the Editors; those on business to the Publishers.

AGENTS.

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ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

LAST MOMENTS.

BY ERNEST BERENGER, ESQ.

Close not the lattice love;
The sweet glory of the gorgeous west,
Is shining forth so high me to my rest,
And wouldst thou shut it out? O couldst thou know
The joy I feel in you sky-kindling glow,
And with what soothing power, those mellow rays
Pour in their hearts on my dying gaze!—
Death loseth a strange rapture to the sight,
And maketh e'en the beautiful more bright.
And there is gladness in the evening air,
When the last sounds of earth are ling'ring there,
It wafts Æolian music on its wings
And spreadeth of unutterable things.

Oh—hear'st thou not the joyous song of birds—
The morn'ring hum of life—the lowing herds—
And childhood's happy voices ringing out
Its careless laughter and its merry shout?
How do they fill my fondly listening ears,
With sounds which wake the dreams of other years!
How comes the memory back of those bright hours,
When young life's mantling cup was crown'd with flow-
When health and gladness every sinew strung, [ers,
O'er my flushed cheek their vermeil colors flung,
And gave me through each leaping pulse, to feel
The keen ecstatic of existence, holy steal.

Why expect thou, my sister?—
Ah! I spake
Too wildly, thus the dreams of old to wake—
It should not have been so—forgive my vein—
Forgive my wandering thought, and wildered brain—
They are the oft wrong dregs of agony and pain.

The hand of death is on me. The long years
Of dull disorder, tedium, and tears—
Of throes and pangs, are drawing to a close—
Welcome the proffered boon of God's repose.
Peace, peace my weeper! Is there then no joy?
Let happier thoughts this parting hour employ.
What though the visions of our early days,
Like the Mirage have faded from our gaze.
What though hath fled the promise of my prime?
There is a lovelier land and brighter clime,
Where the heart's treasured things will ne'er pass by
And joy's perennial fount shall never dry.
Yes, as the setting sun of life retires,
It kindles up within immortal fires;
Thus lingereth the expiring day to shroud,
The golden edges of you floating cloud.

* * * * * *

Lo—twilight's gloom are falling—and I feel
Sickness and night along my spirits steal,
And icy death armed for the final strife
Is creeping up the citadel of life.
Farewell—it groweth dark—sister, your hand—
What, still in tears? Is there no better land?
And there released from severance and pain,
Tell me, my love, shall we not meet again?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

NOT AT HOME—NO II.

A SCENE OF THE PAST.

By Ernest Berenger, Esq.

'The memory of days that are past, pleasant yet mournful to the soul.'

Who that pauses to dwell upon the hallowed and embittered memories, the lights and shadows that mingle in the retrospect of life, finds not some spot of peculiar brightness—some green Oasis—whose existence, though perhaps but momentary, embodies in itself the enjoyment of years. A period when the mind seemed to receive a new and more exquisite sense, and the heart experienced a hitherto unknown capacity for pleasure. When every pulse played with livelier leapings, and every nerve was strung with the most delicate susceptibility. It is the era of love—the first golden reign of the gentlest of passions in the soul.

I was a strange and wayward boy—a young and impassioned dreamer, nursing a thousand fitful fancies and baseless visions. Life had nothing for me like the almost unearthly scenes, which *my* fancy conjured up in hours of solitude; the world no joy like that I felt in communing with the visionary beings with which they were peopled. On the cliff crowned and solitary sea-shore—in the still depths of the ancient and venerable forest, far from the scenes of life, it was my delight to linger, and indulge in the charms of imaginary worlds and imaginary existences. There it was my want to wander, rearing in very wantonness fabric after fabric of fantastic creation, until the approach of night dispelled the illusion, and drove me back to the haunts of men.

And let me not be blamed. I fled from a world to which I had no ties of attachment. And wonder not that one who had never known the luxury of being loved, and for whom there was no bosom into which to pour his sorrows and his sympathies, shouldst seek felicity amidst unreal scenes. I was alone.

'No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer,
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained.'

I was reared by strangers. And though descended from a proud line, and left in the enjoyment of wealth, I had none but distant kindred.

Suddenly another image mingled in my visions. A fairy and sylph-like form—a countenance radiant with pale and intellectual beauty,—an eye whose dark flashes, eloquent with varied thought and fired the soul. It was henceforth the goddess of my idolatry. We had met but had not spoken. But that angel face was mirrored in my soul, and came to haunt my waking and sleeping dreams with a bewildering loveliness.

I learned that my idol was probably the daughter of Judge ——. I will not say that with all my pride of heart and mien, the circumstance diminished my love. The street which passed the dwelling which contained her, became the scene of my constant rambles, until a happy chance gave me the pleasure of a stolen interview. It was in the Judge's garden. I was greeted with a faint exclamation of surprise and I fancied of pleasure. I raised her hand—it was not withdrawn—and we seated ourselves upon a bench beside the shady walk.

'Pardon my presumption, fair stranger. Your countenance tells me that you are as good as you are beautiful, and will forgive this apparent rudeness. I have met you before; and need I tell you that your features are not forgotten? Need I tell you that they have haunted me by day and by night, and that their every line is graven on my heart.'

I pressed her hand, and with a faint blush she cast her eyes upon the ground.

'Excuse my abruptness,' I continued; 'I have you—to-day—to distraction. I have no other joy than the hope that you will one day be mine. Without this, life were a burden—the blank-land of despair. I am alone in the world. I have never before known what it is to love, and may I say that I have never before known the happiness—the pleasure of being loved?—But I hear footsteps approaching. Will you meet me here again to-morrow night?'

She pressed my hand in answer to my request and we departed. Pain would I have snatched a kiss from those dear and beautiful lips, but I was restrained by the sacred laws of respectful love.

How glided the lapsing hours away till our appointed meeting. I was happy—happy in the consciousness of love—of being loved. Oh—if there be one feeling on earth—more exquisite—more maddening in its delightful intensity than all others, it is that which springs from the first interchange of soul with soul beneath the star-like influence of love. When through all the dark and solitary caverns of the heart, there is poured a warm and mellow light, and thoughts of indescribable beauty, and emotions of ravishing sweetness flirt into existence, and luxuriate and revel there.

That night I never slept. I went out in the calm and silent air—beneath the bright stars of heaven—on the beauty-sun-shore and looked in the rich luxury of reverie and reflection. I seemed to tread on air—

'My heaven's lord sat lightly on his throne,'

and lost in new and unfathomable feelings, I gave myself freely up to the rapture of the hour. Thus passed that night and day.

We met again at evening. Again I resisted the impulse to clasp her in my arms, and fervorously pressed her proffered hand to my lips.

'My dearest girl, this is very kind—kinder than I deserve. I thank you for this new instance of your partiality. How happy you have made me! And now will you not give me a renewed assurance that my lote is returned? Shall not this night—this lovely night—these stars which like sentinels keep their watch in the sky—these garden walks listen to our mutual vows—to your sweet confession that my passion is reciprocated?'

As I spake these words we had unconsciously approached the house. My companion hung upon my arm in silence and I was happy.

'Betty! shrieked a shrill femino-masculine voice within.

'Marm!' replied my dulcinea.

'Have you washed the dishes?'

'No marm!'

'You good for nothing little hussey!'

Away went my angel—away went my dreams. Oh—ye Gods!—my charmer was the Judge's—*scullion!*

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SOPHIA WALLINGFORD.

'Do now moralize a little, cousin Clara, that wise look is peculiarly becoming. Oh for the pencil of Hogarth to sketch your likeness—those lips which were made only to be parted with smiles, look still more enticing when uttering such grave rebukes—'

'Sophia!'

'The chaste simplicity of your morning dress—your hair *a la Madonna*, and your whole countenance drawn down with such an expression of solemn importance, as might make one mistake you for the the representation of one of those ancient priestesses, that Charles Langdon shew us the other day.'

'This is mere trifling'

'Really Clara, I am charmed with you in this sapient mood. I wish the Roman custom of appointing a public Censor would prevail in our good city—I would certainly vote to have you installed forthwith. Young ladies would grow as wise and as prim as their grandmothers in imitating you. And as for the gentlemen, you would break their hearts with admiration at least, if not with repentance.'

'Well Sophia, you may laugh as you please, but the time may come—'

'Yes, 'Time *will* come with all his blights'—and this surely would be one of them; when I shall have so lost all freshness of youth, and all buoyancy of spirit, as to be insensible to the call of pleasure and fashions I shall be blighted indeed. I will send for you Clara then, as I do not doubt you will be as ready to pour into my heart the balm of consolation, as now to fill my ears with your censures.'

'I am not sure of that, Sophia, unpleasant as would be the censorial dignity, you would impose upon me, it would be far less irksome than the task of comforting and rendering endurable the old age of one, whose youth had been spent in folly and trifling.'

'Clara you are severe.'

'If I am so, it is because I cannot willingly see your naturally fine character ruined by the contemptible fault of coquetry; this voluntarily wounding the feelings and sporting with the affections of another, for the sake of heaping up incense to our own self-love.'

'Why girl, this is only an innocent flirtation. As to wounding Adams' feelings—say rather 'the fine skin of his vanity,' and you will be nearer the truth.'

'No flirtation, strictly speaking, can be innocent. As to the case we have been speaking of, it is only one in a hundred, Sophia, which plainly indicate that coquetry is every day becoming more and more a fixed habit.'

'Well Clara, you will make me serious, in spite of myself; yet I am not so heartless as you may think—could I find one who loved me as devotedly and who was as worthy of love as your Charles, I too might become true and constant.'

'No Sophia, before you can appreciate truth and devotion in another, you must learn to be sincere yourself.'

'But what would you have me do? There is no living without these beaux—they are necessary to one's public appearance—they would soon be scarce articles with me, if I did not flatter their vanity, laugh at their would be witticisms, and suffer them to think, for a while at least, that they are immensely agreeable.'

'But only till you have convinced them and the world too, how much you have made them your dupes.'

'That is only to punish them for their presumption; for the honor of the sex I feel obliged to show them that though beaux in general are necessary to our enjoyment, individuals may be sacrificed at any time. But come, Madam Clara,' do teach me how to manage the dear creatures, in such a way as to secure their attentions without at the same time touching their tender sensibilities, for which you seem to feel so warm a sympathy.'

'Tis not for them that I plead, but for your own dignity, your own delicacy and sense of propriety, which ought to be superior to playing upon their weaknesses for the sake of shewing your own power. I would have you treat all with perfect sincerity, and thus induce them to give you that consideration from esteem which they would otherwise yield from an idle admiration of your beauty or wit.'

'What! would you have me treat every fashionable fop, who may choose to bore me with his compliments, and affected raptures, as if I believed him to be true hearted and sincere? Why I should be quizzed abominably.

'Have all the men you ever trifled with been of this description? Was Henry Marston a fashionable fop?'

'No more of that Clara an thou lovest me'—I can never think of Henry without a pang of regret.—But he made no allowances for the airs of a young girl, just becoming conscious of some power over those slippery articles called men's hearts—he was too irritable.'

'Too honorable, you should say. In my opinion he manifested the true dignity and self-respect, which would honor or conquer an ill-placed attachment, than submit for a moment to the caprices of a vain girl.'

'Ah Clara you are fierce upon me—but you are I see too good natured to be angry with you—I had a triumph last eve, dear one, which shall make me amiable, for to day at least; but I am tired of this lecture—you have scolded a full hour. Now let us away to Cherubim's, to turn over his new prints, and I'll see if I cannot find something that will put you into good humor; some burlesque with a melancholy air, and a sung contrary to the laws of harmony—to please my so good natured as to accompany you, to be merely a foil to your charms.'

'Ah you naughty thing, to say that, when you know that intellectual face and simple dress, often attract more real admiration than all my dash and finery.'

Evening came, and found the cousins entering the elegant drawing rooms of Mrs B. escorted by Charles Lang. don. Sophia was most becomingly attired, and as she gracefully walked up the rooms; her cheek glowing with expectation, her eye lighted up with triumph, and her whole face animated by the evident applause of the spectators,—All acknowledged that a more distinguished belle had never graced their city. After paying the usual compliments to the lady of the fete, they took their station at the upper end near a side table, adorned in the most chaste and refined taste, with the choicest and most beautiful flowers that the green-houses could produce. Scarcely had they begun to admire them in detail, when an unusual number of gentlemen crowded round the sparkling beauty. As she was in particularly good humor, all at first, received some notice from her, flattering to their vanity. Her most appropriate admirer, however, was given to a young member of the Legislature, whom she had recently added to the number of her conquests. This gentleman's distinguished person and manners had given him as much notoriety in the fashionable world, as his oratorical talents had procured for him among his legal associates. Sophia refused to join the dancers, for she soon perceived that the young member, was more susceptible to the charms of her conversation, than to those of motion, however beautiful and graceful the latter might be.

She was in the act of becoming truly interested in the intellectual conversation of Mr S—, and forgetting for once her coquetry and its attendant arts, was herself more truly charming than ever, when some of her fashionable admirers tired of paying court where it met with so little notice, drept away. Sophia looked up at the desertion—her eye rested on a group of figures at the other end of the room, who immediately fixed her gaze in visible emotion. At the opposite pier table stood a gentleman with a lady hanging on his arm, of a very sweet and intelligent countenance.—They were talking to Mrs B—, who seemed to be urging upon their acceptance some of the beautiful flowers they were so evidently admiring. Clara seeing her cousin agitated, was at no loss to discover the cause; but S— was not so fortunate. Receiving no reply to his last remark, he followed the direction of her eyes, but was unable to fathom the mystery. Again he spoke and again received no answer. Turning towards the group, he said carelessly—'Oh there is Marston and his bride.'

'Bride!' exclaimed Clara, 'is he married?'

'Oh yes. Did you know him?' said he turning to Sophia.

'I once did,' she replied, dragging the words from her lips with effort, and then rallying herself—'but 'tis so long since I hardly recognized him.'

'He was once a student in my father's office,' said Clara coming to her cousin's aid—'but I did not know he was married.'

'He has been only for a few weeks. He found a lovely girl at C— and soon claimed her for his own. I am told' added he smiling, 'that it is not his first love. But we must be forgiven for fickleness, Miss Wallingford, if we are doomed to meet every day, such visions of loveliness, as now make our eyes ache with beholding them,' throwing a general glance around the room, and bowing to Sophia.—She turned to Langdon, who just then came up, and declaring that the closeness of the room had given her a head ache, she proposed seeking a cooler apartment, and taking his arm, she left Mr S— to offer his to Clara. As they moved on towards the door, what was her dismay when she saw that Marston, having selected a flower for his bride, was coming to the same side of the room which they occupied. In despair she saw it would be impossible to reach the door ere he would encounter them. There was no way to avoid him, without shewing him that she did so, and she was too proud for that. So summoning all her fortitude, she walked forward with tolerable dignity. As they encountered each other, a calm and distant bow of recognition was all that told to the spectator, that Marston and Sophia had ever met.

Arrived in the entry she turned round and said in a playful tone—'Do, Mr L—leave my cousin and go back and get a glove I have dropped. I would not have any other gentleman pick it up for the world.'

The moment he disappeared, both entreated Langdon to suffer their speedy return ho oe in the quietest manner possible. At any other time Langdon would have suspected this movement to be a mere caprice of Sophia's; but he had witnessed the encounter with Marston and truly commiserating her feelings, he had too much delicacy to make any unnecessary enquiries. Hurrying on their cloaks they reached their carriage without any unpleasant observation. Meanwhile S. diligently sought for the glove, which had never been lost, and as vainly looked for Sophia, to communicate his ill success. Having perambulated all the rooms, he began to suspect that he had been made the subject of a joke by a lady whom he had heard was notoriously capricious. Suspicion soon became conviction. He quietly resolved he would be revenged; and he would probably have executed his threat, had not circumstances removed Sophia from the sphere of his observation.

Little was said by either of the trio, as they drove through the streets. Sophia dared not trust herself to speak, lest she should betray even more agitation than her silence would seem to indicate. But once in the solitude of her own chamber, she gave vent to her feelings in unrestrained tears. She looked into her heart, and saw by the anguish, which the sudden destruction of the hope of Marston's return had cost her, how fondly that hope had been cherished. She took a rapid survey of the past, and could not but acknowledge, that to her own folly alone was she indebted for all the real unhappiness she had ever endured. Still the consequences to herself, was all she lamented, she did not as yet view her conduct in its true light. But glad to escape observation for a while, she determined to accept the invitation of an early friend to pass a few weeks in the country. Communicating this intention to her parents the next morning, she as usual met with little or no opposition. She immediately put her design in execution, and thus saved herself the mortification of meeting either S— or Marston. In the intelligent conversation of her friend, books, and the many quiet joys of a country life, she found sources of pleasure more congenial to the present state of her feelings, than the gaieties of the metropolis, and therefore remained many weeks. When at length she did return, her mother and Clara both observed that a change had taken place in her manners which highly gratified their affection. For some time she confined herself to the rational pursuits she had followed with her friend. But at length, the invitations of her former gay companions, the flatteries of new admirers, called her forth from her retirement—and proved that it would require more severe lessons than any she had yet met, to break the force of long indulged propensities, and redeem her from the thoughtless levity of her former life.

One eve, Clara wishing by some means, to win back her cousin's attention to the impressions which seemed fast fading away, proposed a walk. It was just before sunset, that hour which so often seems to awaken contemplative ideas in the soul, that is in the least degree in harmony with Nature. They bent their way towards Cambridge—and Clara was disappointed to find that Sophia was more inclined to think of her dress and appearance, than of the subjects to which she gently sought to lead her. They drew near a grave yard. Clara thinking it might possibly yield something to second her design, desired to enter it. They did so—and found there many a touching memento of earthly vanities recorded—many a fond memorial erected over the mere heap of dust which once held, nay, bound down an immortal spirit, now believed by the survivors to be freely soaring to those 'fields beyond the swelling floods' whose aspire no chilling mists, where blow no blighting winds to mar the soul's heavenly tenement with disease, and check its pure longings after God and holiness. Sophia's feelings were softened, for she had lively sensibilities, and when once awakened delighted to indulge them. They still wandered on from tomb to tomb, till they came in view of an object which fixed them in mute attention. It was the feeble form of an aged woman, prostrate in all the agony of a mother's grief beside a new made grave. Her mourning not with the noisy violence of unbridled passion, but with the quietness of deep anguish, she sighed with the pathetic mourner of Israel, 'My son—my son!' At length they saw her eyes uplifted, and her lips apparently moving with the Christian's prayer for submission; then slowly she tore herself away, and feebly tottered from the burial place. The cousins drew near in silence to read the inscription on the stone, which marked the grave that so deeply interested them, when, from the shadow of a neighboring monument there issued a spectator until then unnoticed, who advanced to meet them. He seemed a man in middle age, and from his dress and appearance might well be supposed to be a minister of the Gospel of Peace! He bowed, and in a subdued voice said, 'You seem young ladies to sympathise with the scene you have witnessed, and justly so—you poor mourner deserves your tenderest pity. Alas! few are left so destitute of earthly prop as she—and few' said he, glancing reverently upward, 'have their hopes so firmly fixed on the rock of ages.'

'So her appearance indicated,' replied Clara, 'you seem to be acquainted with her grief—will you suffer us to be so too?'

'Freely,' replied he, 'sit here in the shade of this monument, on this grassy seat, and I will relate all that part of her story which is connected with the scene you have beheld. The tenant of that grave was the only surviving son of his widowed mother. His father was once a man of opulence, but by a series of misfortunes, such as all, even the most prudent are exposed to, he became reduced to comparative poverty—yet whilst he lived, his son enjoyed all the advantages of education which wealth could give. He died leaving his wife and child a mere pittance, but sufficient with economy in the retired life to which her feelings now led her for their support. Depending upon her son for assistance when he should be of age to render it, the mother practised the most rigid self-denial to procure for him those privileges to which he had always been accustomed and for which his spirit pined. Feeble in his constitution from birth, his mind as is commonly the case, seemed to partake of the extreme sensibility of his delicate frame. His modesty, fine talents, and the most devoted filial affection, won for him the good will of a few of those benevolent spirits who love to encourage unassuming worth, and who rendered him much assistance in his literary career. With their aid, he entered upon the study of medicine in Boston under the auspices of a distinguished physician, who was also one of his most efficient patrons. Here he applied himself with the most assiduous perseverance to his studies, and would have sacrificed his health on the altar of science, had he not been withheld by the remembrance that his mother's sole dependence was upon him. Often would the quiet pleading image of that trusting mother, rise before him and make him tear himself from the books he loved better than life, to obtain the recreation his spirits needed. In furtherance of this design, a friend introduced him into a circle of fashionables, of which he was himself a distinguished member. Here the keenly sensitive student, met one of those beings—pardon me,' said the minister bowing to his auditors—'who, arrayed in a beauteous form, for the gratification of their own vanity, commit crimes, which are often in their consequences more injurious to society than even murder itself. She who was destined to be the ruin of my young friend, was as beautiful as even his imagination had ever conceived, and he in his ignorance believed her to be as good as she was fair. Soon his spirit yielded to the fascination her charms and his own enthusiasm had thrown around him. She was too practised in the school of adulation not to perceive the impression she had made, and by a few apparently casual signs of encouragement, she led away reason and feeling both captive. Perfectly unsuspicious of guile and perfectly sincere himself, he thought her obvious kindness of manner could arise from no cause but a reciprocal feeling. Yet, when with the diffidence of true love he ventured to speak to her of those feelings he found himself repulsed with scorn. The blow was stunning. To have his deep feelings, his fond intoxication, mocked at and ridiculed by every idle gazer on, was too much for his already overtasked frame and over excited mind. A raging fever dried up the springs of life, and scorched his brain to madness—for a long time we despaired of his life, but at length Death seemed for once to have relented and released his victim. Feebly he tottered forth from the chamber which we had long looked upon but as the portal to his grave. He had recovered sufficiently to have resumed his studies, when new trials awaited him. His medical patron died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a totally unsettled state. Our friend was in his debt, and as their was no will the heirs of the physician, who either did not know or chose not to remember the generous intentions of their relative towards him, pressed him for the sum. His mother stript herself of every remaining article of former luxury, to satisfy this claim, and partly cancelled it. He struggled manfully with his fate, but his feeble health and unstrung nerves were unequal to the task. Still he toiled on till it became evident to his friends that he was sinking beneath the effort. He returned to his lowly abode, and all but his doating mother plainly saw that Death had only changed the mode of his attack, and sent consumption to finish what disappointment and fever had begun. Rapidly he now sunk and even his mother could no longer deceive herself. Day by day she watched the trickling rill of life until each drop was exhaled, and each source dried up, never more to be renewed by the refreshing dew or rain of heaven. Yet she was a christian and without a murmur submitted to the trial ordained for her. To prepare his mind for the change seemed to be her great care, and to this end she called in my aid. We had the consolation of believing that our humble efforts had been blessed of heaven, for he died peaceful and happy, and with his last breath forgave her who was the first cause of his sufferings, towards whom he had till then cherished bitter and revengeful feelings. Delightful spectacle! to view the human soul winging its way towards its native home, every moment losing some taint of earth, approaching nearer and nearer to that perfect purity in which tis to forever dwell. Oh young ladies if you have never contemplated the death-bed of the christian, let me assure you it is a scene well worthy your attention.'

He ceased, and they slowly rose to depart after expressing their thanks to him for this relation. As they passed by the grave, they stopped to read the name of the dead, and Sophia almost shrieked with agony as she saw inscribed there 'George Watson.'

'Oh come away,' she cried seizing Clara by the arm; 'come away.'

Clara obeyed, for she readily comprehended the cause of her emotion. The minister stood looking after them with astonishment, till their retreating forms disappeared from his sight.

'Oh Clara!' exclaimed Sophia, with a bursting heart; 'am I indeed a murderess!'

Clara could scarcely reply, herself deeply affected by the scene she had witnessed, and shocked at the extent of her cousin's aberrations from the path of rectitude, she dared not preach peace to her awakened conscience—and vain would have been the attempt—remorse seemed to have slumbered so long only to do his work more fearfully now. Nothing could hide from her eyes the image of that feeble mourner, with her only earthly support wrenched from her trembling hand—and for what unhallowed purpose! to add another triumph to a vanity which had already drank of intoxication. She flew rather than walked over the ground—she felt as if pursued by execrations from every heart,—and her father's home seemed to be the only place where she could be safe from the revenge of those she had so cruelly injured. Once there, she sought her fond mother and throwing herself into her arms, she rushed to her with the distinctness of intense excitement, all that had occurred—she freely confessed all her faults, and entreated her mother to forgive her for no one else would. Mrs Wallingford was deeply grieved, but she sought to comfort and not to reproach. Seeing Sophia too much agitated to reason, she sought to soothe her with caresses and assurances of her continued love. When at length she became somewhat calm she gently led her mind to the source of all true comfort, and then left her to implore Heaven in the secrecy of her own closet, that this child of many hopes, this repentant sinner might yet return to virtue and be received into her Father's house. The next morning she conversed long and seriously with Sophia, and though she did not seek to extenuate her crime, nor make her look upon it with more leniency than she now did, she endeavored to convince her reason that giving way to violent emotion was not the way to expiate her guilt. She revealed her that though her tears and regrets were the natural language of repentance, yet there alone were not sufficient—she pointed out to her that there was something for her to do—that though she could not restore to the mourner the lost object of her affection, she could at least prevent his death from depriving her of the necessaries of existence—and she suggested that the generous sum her father allowed her, gave her ample means of supplying all the comforts which Mrs Watson's poverty and feebleness demanded. Sophia eagerly caught at the proposal—and so to determine and act were with her one and the same, she immediately took the requisite steps for carrying the design into execution. She sought out the individual who had related to her the tale of Watson's death, and finding as she supposed that he was the minister of the parish where his mother resided, she made him the agent through whom she contrived to her a sum sufficient to supply all her present wants—informing him that the same amount should be placed in his hands quarterly as long as her own resources permitted. Mrs Watson had too much of the humility of the real christian to refuse her bounty, especially as she supposed her to be influenced purely by motives of compassion and benevolence. Sophia did not stop here, she resolved to strengthen her newly formed resolutions of amendment, by witnessing the misery she had caused. Accompanied by her mother, she sought the humble abode of Mrs Watson, as if led there by accident. In the unwavering religious hope, the unmurmuring submission of the childless widow, she found new incentives to perseverance in the path of virtue. Seeing that Mrs Watson appeared soothed by their evident sympathy, the visit was renewed, and at length she made it a point to see her every week. As long as she persevered in this resolution, her serious impressions were kept alive and vigorous. But with returning cheerfulness, there came also the disposition to mingle once more in the society she had so long avoided. Almost the first thing that alarmed Mrs Wallingford, for the stability of her daughter's reformation, was the occasional omission of her visits to Mrs Watson. At length they almost entirely ceased, and the deluded girl seemed to have returned with greater zest than ever, to dissipation. Mrs Wallingford still clung to hope, with that tenacity of which only a mother's affection is capable. Clara would not abandon her cousin, though she almost despaired of seeing her worthy of esteem, and still accompanied her in many of her excursions. As they were promenading the streets one fine day, Sophia for the display of her beautiful person, and Clara merely to oblige her, they encountered many individuals who seemed to be wending towards a neighboring church.

'This is Thursday,' exclaimed Sophia, seized with a sudden freak. 'Let us go in and hear the lecture, Clara.' As usual, the latter complied, and they soon found themselves seated among a serious and attentive congregation, Sophia in any rather than a similar mood. Her gaiety, however, was changed to dismay, when she saw in the minister who rose to commence the services, her acquaintance of the grave yard. The sight irresistibly forced upon her attention a chain of ideas which she had of late banished from her mind. Imagination went rapidly to work, and distinctly, fearfully, brought before her aching sight, the images of all the human beings whom her vanity had wounded,—all whom her absorbing selfishness had injured,—and at the close of the long procession came a feeble tottering woman, almost blind with grief, and bent with want and suffering. As she passed, she seemed to cast one appealing, reproachful look toward Sophia, and then disappeared. In an agony of apprehension, she would have rushed from the church, to assure herself that Mrs Watson had not actually been left to starve through her neglect, when her attention was again arrested by Mr B——'s rising to commence his sermon. As she caught a glance of his eye, she was again fixed, a mute listener. He said he should address his present discourse to the young. And to this end he chose the following text, 'Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father thou art the guide of my youth.'—Clara wishing to screen from the gaze of the spectators, her now agonized cousin, remained with her in the pew, until most of the congregation had dispersed, and by so doing, they encountered the very person Sophia most wished to avoid. Mr B. met them just as they were leaving the pew. He bowed, for he recognised them, and had long suspected Sophia to be the coquette he had painted to her, but seeing her present emotion, he had too much delicacy to add a single word to the impression he had already made, and after saying a few words to Clara, he left them. Sophia flew to her mother, and earnestly begged her to loan her the sum which she had neglected to send to Mrs Watson. With some severity, Mrs Wallingford informed her daughter, that the victims of her selfishness had not been left to suffer any further consequences from her thoughtless folly. She was greatly relieved at this intelligence, though more affected at her mother's reproof, which she felt she richly deserved, than at any thing else she had yet met.—No longer daring to trust her resolutions, she resolved to fly all temptations, and therefore gladly availed herself of a trifling indisposition of her father, to an excuse to deny herself to all visitors. She confined herself to his room, and with filial tenderness sought to allay the sufferings which an apparently slight but nervous fever had caused. His disease proved to be lingering, but not sufficiently violent to alarm his friends. Yet to the astonishment of every one, he at length dropped suddenly away, leaving his wife and daughter totally unprepared for the stroke. Mr Wallingford as has been said, had always been reputed richer than he was, and as he had recently met with some severe losses, it was discovered in examing into his affairs that he was insolvent. This was a new blow to his afflicted family, who had the task of disposing of their establishment and providing a new residence added to the already heavy weight of grief. Mrs Wallingford's health had long been delicate, and sorrow took deep hold upon her constitution; but Sophia's spirit rose beneath her trials. The duty of comforting and sustaining her mother, gave her something to do, and afforded a good opportunity of putting in practice her renewed resolutions. By the assistance of some friends, Mrs Wallingford, was soon able to make all

NEW FRENCH CHEMICAL BLACKING.

have the pleasure to announce to of Boston and its environs, that his city, to receive orders at able ent article. The various compos polishing Boots and Shoes, has d of as causing the leather to crack The undersigned have, however, to discover a process that will not only possesses the virtue of r, and of giving it the most brilliant ly one fourth of the cost now labor; hinest lines—renders the leather ned to retain its virtue in any cli- e in beauty by age; its peculiar re- xtinguish it from spurious compos our possession upwards of 1,000 om the first nobility in France, in noblemen in the United States, and et eminent professors of Chemistry. icle to the public, Messrs. C. & Co. rated article at the same price as g now in use. To prevent imposi- ed with the signature of L. GOSLING & CO. the Eastern Stage House, No. 36 unctually attended to. 00 is offered by Messrs. C. & Co. ill produce an article of better qual- july 25

ISH GOODS.

AFTON have taken a Store in the o. 41 Hanover street, where they assortment of fresh and desirable h are the following, viz.

Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do (rich colors.)

an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 style of Broganza Shawls; English ew and very elegant patterns; do of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cam- rella Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c.; also a and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c. e English Mermos, of the French colors, among which are brown, slate, and adelaide; also a few pieces of very delicate shades and qualities will be sold at unusual low prices. august 29

E AFFLICTED!

s removed from Milk-street to No. t, within one door of Summer Street vices to the public. Having made actice of physic both in Europe and himself of being able to give great the last fifteen years he has had icine system—the advantages that r every other is sufficiently known e Union. He will undertake to cure where there is a prospect of cure, coughs of ever so long standing, whatever cause, &c. Also rheuma- n, piles, worms, and jaundice rtain complaint, (in most cases ercury) People of either sex may Doctor without seeing each other, may rely upon secrecy and honor, may be had the following medi- else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak excellent article. Tooth Powder, luable article for preserving the 2s per box—also, his Ethiopic Lo- sed, and create no griping pain. 3t august 22

EMOVAL.

cessor to Lilly, Wait & Colman, holesale publisher, has removed street, to Nos. 19 and 20, Cornhill R. P. & C. Williams), where will be blication of the People's Edition, nes, Young Man's Guide, Amer- ncy of Waldie's Library, Select n Magazines, and Foreign Reviews drina Library, Duff Green's Speech well as of the other principal pub throughout the United States.

DRAS CRAVATS.

Real Madras Cravats, for sale by , Washington street.

...necessary arrangements for their change of abode, and with the small pittance which the law allowed her from the wreck of her husband's estate, she retired into the obscure village of B— far removed from all her fashionable acquaintance; but not out of the reach of her real friends. In the deep seclusion of her new home, with her heart softened by sorrow, the impressions Sophia had received, had time to deepen into permanent principles of action. Mrs W. roused herself to the task of instructing and guiding her daughter. Herself truly religious, she was enabled to lead Sophia's mind into the way of all truth, and felt that she was indeed chastened in much mercy, since she experienced a joy in her society she had never known before. Sophia devoted herself with assiduity to her mother—the improvement of her own heart and mind, and those quiet domestic pursuits which their situation now required. And though it must be confessed that at first it cost her many efforts to bring down her ambitious mind to the measure of her present circumstances, though she had many temptations to resist, and many trials of temper to overcome, yet religion in all powerful for the work it has to perform in the human heart, and virtue at length fully and entirely triumphed.—She never ceased to look back with regret to the time she had spent in the pursuit of folly and pleasure, and many circumstances in her past life, still gave her keen remorse. Yet on the whole she was happy—happy in the discharge of duties now doubly endeared to her, as she felt them to have been a powerful means of withdrawing her from a ruinous and mad career. None who had claims upon her time or sympathy, were ever refused her good offices, and Mrs Watson especially, still received all the assistance it was in her power to give. Years transpired in this peaceful manner—time glided by their threshhold with a quiet and noiseless step, and Sophia was fast approaching that period of life when a woman is no longer young. She resisted all attempts from some of those who had formerly admired her in silence, and who now sought to draw her from her seclusion, and determined to devote herself to her mother, for the remainder of her life.

An event at length occurred which seemed to promise a change in the circumstances of both mother and daughter. As they were one evening sitting in their little parlor, enjoying the calm twilight of an Autumn evening, a stranger rode up on horseback, and enquiring for Mrs Wallingford, he was shewn into her presence. He was tall, with hair of raven blackness, and a countenance apparently embrowned with a southern sun. He announced himself as Mr Gore and after the usual preliminary remarks, enquired of Mrs Wallingford if she had not a brother who had resided in Georgia.

She answered in the affirmative. 'Do you know him,' said she, after a short pause.

'He was my intimate companion and dearest friend,' replied Mr Gore.

The tone of his voice and the saddened expression of his countenance alarmed Mrs W. 'Is he well,' said she quickly.

'I trust so madam, though not in the sense you mean. I came to inform you that he is no longer living.'

This was an only and much beloved brother, and Mrs Wallingford had long been expecting his return to New England to spend the remainder of his days with them, the news of his death was therefore a great and unlooked for affliction. As soon as she could command herself, she demanded the particulars of his decease.

'He died a few weeks since. You know he has for many years been subject to a disease produced by the climate, and he had long been wishing to return here; but the difficulty of closing up a lucrative and extensive business prevented him, and at length he fell a sacrifice to his great exertions. He left me in charge of his effects, and commissioned me to make over to you and your daughter (now apparently for the first time noticing Sophia,) the bulk of his property; and also to give you the assurances of his affection, which he said continued unabated to the last, and that it gave him the most lively pleasure to be able to restore to you the affluence you once enjoyed.'

'And left my dear uncle no token of regard to me?' said Sophia, in a voice softened by the remembrance of one, whose darling pet she well remembered to have been. The stranger gazed at her for a moment, and then drew from his bosom a small miniature.

'Yes, this image he bade me give to his niece whom he called his 'little Sophia,' with many messages of affection to the individual so designated.'

'Dear, kind uncle,' said Sophia, kissing the miniature she held—'how often has your indulged and spoiled favorite, tried your patience, and abused your forbearing goodness.'

After replying to their many fond enquiries of their departed relative, Mr Gore took leave, saying he would call again on the morrow. He came, and Mrs Wallingford sacrificing her own wishes to his convenience, entered with him into the details of business, doubly irksome in the present state of her feelings. For this or some other cause, it seemed to progress but slowly, and day after day found Mr Gore a guest at their house. Many a time did he drop his pen to give some interesting trait in the character of his friend, or listen to some fond reminiscence which his sister would relate of their youthful days.

'It was,' said she, 'the only thing that seemed to be wanting to my earthly happiness, to have this dear brother return to his native state, and his early friends.'

'He ardently wished to do so,' replied Mr Gore; 'I thought his anxiety on this point, even affected his health.'

A little boy just then entered the house and told Mrs Wallingford that his mother was very sick and desired to see her. Ever ready at the call of benevolence, she immediately rose and followed the child. Mr Gore resumed his pen. Sophia was engaged with her needle work—her eye sometimes moistening with a tear as she thought of her uncle, and that she and her mother were now alone in the world. Her companion looked up—again he dropped his pen.

'Sophia!' said he, in a tone which filled her with a strange and undefinable sensation; 'Sophia, have a few years, a Southern clime, and an assumed name and voice produced such changes that you do not know me?' Sophia could scarcely repress a scream of astonishment as the whole truth burst upon her mind. But deeper and far more agitating feelings took possession of her bosom as she sunk back in her chair, almost fainting. He bent over her with an expression of painful anxiety. She raised her eyes, 'Mr Marston!'

'Call me not Mr Marston—call me Henry, and oh, let me once more be your Henry.'

The return of Mrs Wallingford prevented any explanations, and Marston immediately departed. He had been absent hardly an hour ere she received a note, in which after many professions of returning attachment, and renewing the offer of his heart and hand, he went on to explain all that had been mysterious in his conduct. Induced to seek a more genial climate to renovate the failing health of my beloved wife, I fixed my residence in the state of Georgia.—There I became known to your uncle. A stranger, he assisted and advised me, and under his auspices my affairs soon flourished; but the health of my wife was too far gone for medicine or climate to restore. She died, and the friendship of your uncle was the only domestic solace I could find for a heart doubly bereaved. Through him I frequently heard from your family—learned from your mother's letters the change that had occurred in your circumstances, and let me add, in your character. In this last you may well suppose I felt deeply interested. I wished to witness it with my own eyes. And when your uncle died, I would entrust to no agent the care of carrying into execution his last will. I disposed of my property in Georgia and returned to N. E. Wishing to be myself unknown, I assumed the slight disguise, which has answered every purpose, since it enabled me to observe without suspicion the unpromising goodness, the perfect restoration of your heart to its native simplicity. Yes, my fondest expectations have been more than realised in you. Pardon me, dear Sophia, if during our former intercourse you ever thought me harsh or outgoing. You are revenged now. Never in the triumph of your wit and beauty—never in the ardor of youthful feeling, was I so completely, so entirely your own, as your virtues, your exalted position make me at this moment. Will you not then order the relation which once subsisted between us to be restored in all its earliest unbroken confidence?'

Mrs Wallingford passed into her daughters face with an enquiring and anxious glance as she read this epistle. Sophia replied by placing it in her hands. 'And what answer my child?' said the astonished mother after reading it to the end.

'You shall see.'

It was quickly produced, and as Mrs Wallingford read the modest and frank avowal of her happiness at being once more restored to the esteem of the only man for whom she had ever entertained a true affection, she felt that here was the only proof that was wanting to Sophia's full and perfect amendment of character. Not a single sentence that breathed of wounded vanity or resentful pride disfigured that fair testimonial of candor and sincerity.

When Henry next joined them, as Mrs Wallingford placed Sophia's hand in his, she said, 'Now have I nothing left to wish for here. Let me be still and weep.'

C. A.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1835.

NOTICE.

☞ The Office of the New-England Galaxy will be removed in the course of the coming week, to No 22, Congress street.

PEREGRINATIONS.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

Countryman. Ho, master, stop! you run before your horse To market. If so fast you hasten on, I'faith, you ne'er will reach your journey's end!

Traveller. And why, forsooth? Have I not vigorous strength,—
Eyes, ears, and feeling, and a good stout heart
Nerved for each coming danger? Whither then
Tends your retarding caution? Marry Sir,
Bid me God-speed, and let me go along.

Con. If you go cramp the bit of kind restraint,
Impatient to be gone, then speed you Sir!
But well I know the road;—I've travelled on't
Once and again,—'Tis full of dangerous holes,
And pitfalls numberless. Thick covered 'tis
With briars strewn along, that prick the feet,
And oft make him that ventures to advance
Curse his ill-fated mission. Nought of rest
Greets him that journeys here: for savage foes
Stick darts into the flesh at every step—
And laugh, if thus perchance they make one writhe!
So, if thou'rt wise, thou'lt pause awhile good Sir,
And list to honest counsel—Pardon me—

Trav. I'll hear thy kind directions, thankfully.

Scene.—The Editorial Closet—five feet by seven. A window covered with cobwebs, fills one side of the apartment—the door, the opposite. A desk monopolizes a third, and a dilapidated sofa, which looks as if one might have been comfortable on it forty years ago, extends across the fourth. Papers, books, pamphlets, wrappers, directions, &c. &c. &c. appear wherever chance has placed them, in sad confusion mingled, covered with the undisturbed dust of years. The Retiring Editor discovered, sitting with a solemn countenance, and a look of important responsibleness, in a large leathern chair. The Editor to be, puts his head in at the door, as if doubtful whether to advance or recede.

Ret. Ed. Come in sir,—come in. Be seated, if you please, on the edge of that sofa, between those piles of Exchanges. Well,—my duties, perquisites, responsibilities, and vexations, I am about to resign to you. Are you fully conscious of the awful burden you are about to assume?

Ed. to be, (*Who has been staring around him in mute amazement, the scene being unlike any thing that ever before struck upon his astonished vision,*) Oh yes—I hope I am.

Ret. Ed. But how is the developement of your organ of Cautiousness?

Here the printer enters, looks hesitatingly into the faces of the twain, and at length mutters: We—want—copy,—Sir!

Ret. Ed. 'Between two stools one falleth to the ground.' Shall I write the article, or you?

Ed. to be. (*Jumping up briskly,*) Oh I! Let me see;—A man this morning, outrageously, villainously, and without a shadow of provocation, ran over an old woman in Washington St. I was horribly in—

Ret. Ed. We! *We!*

Ed. to be. We were horribly indignant—my blood boiled—

Ret. Ed. Our!

Ed to be. Our blood boiled! we traced the fellow,—his name is Solomon Jenks: I'll hold him up to the scorn of an indignant community! Give me a pen—

Ret. Ed. Stop—stop! Mr Solomon Jenks's third cousin, Simon Tinderbox, is a subscriber. It won't do. Mr Jenks's horse was doubtless wholly unmanageable. It could not have been his fault.

Ed. to be. This is my first lesson, I suppose.

Ret. Ed. It is. How works the pill?

Ed. to be. Badly—very badly. What care I whether Mr Spitfire—

Ret. Ed. Tinderbox, if you please—

Ed. to be. —Be angry or not? Am I to be shackled because a man may withdraw his subscription, and flatter when I should condemn?

Ret Ed. No—maintain a dignified silence. In what channel, may I ask, do your powers of composition run?

Ed to be. Why as the whim takes me—

Ret Ed. Whim! whim is a word unknown to the Editorial dictionary. Your mind must be ever on the qui vive—ready to concoct any dish that may be palateable.—You must, Proteus like, robe yourself according to the emergency. To be sure you will be often accused of plagiarism. But the greater the individuality now a days, the more glaring seems the theft or imitation. Write an Essay on familiar things—the eagle-eyed critics turn up their noses and talk of Charles Lamb! Scribble a scene from life, and forthwith they poke at us the initials N. P. W.—Be guilty of a dramatic sketch—Barry Cornwall wrote dramatic sketches. So, mind not this, but warily pursue the even tenor of your way. Why, what think you?—My Tar-bush Sketches were said by some to be indistinguishable from the beautiful, graphic, sterling productions of ——; and others doubted whether I had not a correspondence with this author, and these were not the veritable efforts of his pen. But the similarity did not intimidate me. Write—but let your motto be—'An eye to windward.'

Ed to be. Ay, ay! Yet this is a tough doctrine. I wished to maintain a kind of independence.

Ret Ed. Do so. Yet no man requires you to burn your fingers, while you boil your porridge.

Ed to be. I meant to commence a series of articles entitled *something like* 'Rambles about town'—and in them praise what might deserve it, and blame what might merit reproof. For instance, passing through Blackstone street the other day, near Commercial street, my hat was knocked off by an awning, and being a short man, I considered the insult peculiarly touching, and intended at some future time, to call the attention of the City Marshall to this nuisance—

Ret Ed. Mr Marden, don't Mr —— —— advertise in our columns?

Mr M. Yes sir—as much as a dollar's worth a year.

Ret Ed. Undoubtedly he is wholly ignorant of the City Laws with regard to awnings. Pardon him therefore.

Ed. to be. How long too, the builders at the corner of Water and Congress streets have filled the way with rubbish. Like the squatters in the Western States they have taken undisturbed possession of the public lands.

Ret Ed. Their lease of the street has probably not yet run out.

Ed to be. As for the crates of crockery ware in School street, that I have so long stubbed my feet against—

Ret Ed. Softly—softly. The respectable firm at the corner have occupied the sidewalk without dispute for more than twenty years. If you any ought of them therefore, you will subject yourself to an action for trespass, or be prosecuted for a libel. It will be better for you to let your views in regard to these three nuisances slip from your memory; and that our conversation about them may not get abroad, keep this meeting a profound secret. Why my dear sir, in my official capacity, by careful management, although all I have done, has been tinctured with the spirit of independence, I have escaped offending almost every one—except Amos Herrick.

Ed to be. What is Amos Herrick?

Ret Ed. Something that edits a paper in Bangor.

Ed to be. Perhaps you would like an opportunity to answer him through our columns?

Ret Ed. Hang him, no; he is already so much puffed up with his notion values of him, that to say any thing further would be highly dangerous. He may have with vanity on it learned I would spare his dear friend, Mrs Gardner, such an awful consummation. But you are about to write your inaugurary, I presume.

Ed to be. No—I had rather make no promises. It is better to promulgate an official bulletin of victory, than to publish a threatening manifesto and not act up to it. I only respectfully make my bow to the patrons of the Galaxy, and hope for their kind favor.

Ret Ed. Exactly the right course.

Mr M. Here's something in Mr Neal's copy I can't make out. Did Mr —— —— ever publish a book.

Ed to be. I don't know—never heard of it.

Ret Ed. Tut! tut! That will never do—you must know every thing—'understand' every thing—'learn' every thing—be competent to review every thing, and (*rising with dignity from the leathern chair*) I introduce you at once to this leathern chair, which, like the truncheon of the monarch, is the symbol of honor to the Editor of the Galaxy.—In its venerable and embracing arms, you will be invested with the true spirit of genius. It will lift your ideas when they are depressed, and cool your ardor to the true healthy warmth, when it is raging at fever heat. It will be to you a friend and counsellor. I have already introduced you to our patrons; and have only to wish you success.

(*The Editor to be with fear and trembling mounts the chair of state—the Retiring Editor gives his hand in congratulation, and the scene closes.*) H.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

(*Received too late for last week*)

We have the pleasure of announcing to our dear Public—

1st. That Mr Henry Goddard, merchant of Portland, has published a *leaf* reply—which, between ourselves, dear Public, is very much to the purpose.

2ndly. That he proposes to pay over *one hundred dollars to the Portland Wood Society*—which is still more so.

3rdly. That of the stories told about somebody in the same paper, which somebody he supposes to be himself, two, he says, are false, one true enough, and of the *remainder*, though he does not deny them, he has no recollection of them.

And here we might stop; and we should, but for the respect we entertain for a certain exalted personage—*ourself*—which makes it proper for us to have the last word. And therefore—

4thly. The stories referred to by Mr Goddard, though *substantially* true, are probably not true *as* they are told, for such stories *never are*; but they are furnished voluntarily and unsolicited with half a thousand more, by '*intelligent and respectable fellow citizens*,' and whether true or false, they show what the public *believe*. That about the wine is qualified by the person who furnished it for the Galaxy, and not told for truth, but as a report.* That about the *nails*, we had from the mouth of a person, actually living with Mr Dana at the time of the affair, and now a student of theology—and *orthodox to the back bone*—substantially therefore, *it must be true*. But enough.—We were driven to this petty warfare, partly by Mr Goddard, himself, who appealed to his *business-character*, and partly by others, who love to see two such worthies as Mr. H. Goddard and ourself clapper-clawing one another. But if the truth *must* be told, we are more than half ashamed of it ourselves.

2. Mr Goddard wants us to pay our own debts. We do—we make it a point to owe nobody on earth. But he would have us pay what are no *debts*. We shall do no such thing. We never pay a debt, if we can help it—after we have once been discharged by the operation of law, by lapse of time, or by the negligence of the creditor. We acknowledge no *moral* obligation of the sort recognised by Mr J. B. C.; and are not very mealy-mouthed about saying so. When a debt is contracted, *the law* and the *usage*, whatever they may be, and whether Constitutional or not, enter just as much into the contract; as if they were expressed in so many words. The *profit* of the creditor is a sort of *insurance*. He insures against his own negligence, and against the statute of limitations; against the death, the insolvency—ay, and against the rascality of the debtor.—To repay a creditor therefore, after you are *discharged*, by virtue of a condition either expressed or implied, in other words, after you are discharged by *operation of law*, were about as preposterous a flourish, as to repay to an insurance office the money which they may have paid you for a loss of a ship, after they had pocketed your premium and been *paid* for the risk. These are *our* notions. And as we preach, so we practise.

3. But Mr Goddard has a fling at our *confessions*—we are sorry for it. We were *bred* a knave, he was not—we have *undergone a change*—has he?

4. But Mr Goddard must not be allowed to mistake or misrepresent our real motives in this transaction. We had no personal hostility to gratify—*and that he knows*. Our inclinations were all the other way. We told the story first, with a view to its moral influence upon him and others, of a respectable standing. But in *justifying* the transaction by a long argument in the newspapers, he drove us to take issue with him; which we did—solemnly and temperately—though rather provokingly we admit, for the purpose of showing that such a *principle of action would never do*, inasmuch as no debtor could ever know when he was free. If neither *law*, nor *usage*, nor the understanding *of the parties at the time* of entering into the contract, was to determine how much a man owed,—if the party *receiving* was to say how much, and might *demand* whatever he himself would be willing to *pay* under similar circumstances—even supposing no self-delusion practised, and the party perfectly honest)—there was an end forever to the liquidation of all debts. And here we should have stopped—but Mr Goddard would go further—much further—and slap a cold sponge in the face of *ourself*—the personage above referred to—and this you see was too much for our patience—'much too much'—and so we *let drive*, and now what is the result? Ask the Portland Wood-Society—Mr Goddard himself—the dear public—and the New England Galaxy! Nobody injured—we mean what we say—*nobody injured—but all benefited*. N.

P. S. Pity Mr G. didn't take the friend's advice mentioned by him with such unspeakable simplicity. N.

* Nevertheless the *partner* referred to, persists in the story, with two slight qualifications. It was at a Thanksgiving dinner, he took the drop too much—and instead of being *charged* 1000 dollars, he actually had to pay 2000—for the injury to the *firm!*

Even the calf story is qualified now; the present version is that, although Mr —— was unwilling to have the poor thing killed before he had grown all he could upon his last meal, he offered to let the butcher cut his throat in the morning—provided he would pay for the creature's breakfast! But this, we *cannot* believe. It is really too good to be true!

GLEANINGS FROM A TRAVELLER.

The Boston and Providence Rail Road is, considering all things, the best on which I ever travelled. The Cars, so many others are larger, handsomer, and perhaps more convenient, but on this, the inferiority in these particulars is compensated by the greater ease and gentleness with which one is carried along.

There was, for some reason, a deficiency of wood and water, and we stopped at Canton to obtain a supply. This detained us so long, that we did not approach Providence until it was after dark, and the return cars had started. As soon as our Engineer saw the light of the advancing engine, he stopped his train, blew his horn, and made all manner of noises, to attract the attention of the other, but by the most culpable negligence he had no light, and his noise was drowned in the rattle of the fast coming engine. The passengers soon caught the alarm, and popping their heads out at the windows, saw their danger;—and then began a screaming and tumbling,—the former by the women, the latter by all, as never before greeted my eyes and ears.—On came the train, with its loud puffing and thundering rumble,—and not until within speaking distance, did the approaching Engineer notice us, and take measures to stop. The distance was sufficient to moderate some of the tremendous force of our gigantic opponent,—yet we came together with an awful crash. The fire apparatus was folded together as if it had been wire—four or five of the cars were thrown from the track, and some of the passengers injured. All these mishaps might be avoided. In this instance there was palpable mismanagement.

Several of the Providence Light Infantry expressed to me their gratitude for the attention which they received, while in Boston. The kindness which greeted them, was more than they could have even hoped. Had they remained a week longer, the time would not have sufficed to answer the numerous civilities extended to them. All this gave a kindness of feeling extremely gratifying.

I cannot but notice the primary schools of the city of Hartford. Whether the excellence be in the managers, the teachers, the system, the air,—to what it may be attributable—I cannot say; but certainly the progress of the pupils generally, and what I more particularly observed, in the difficult branch of Arithmetic, is without exception, superior to that of any schools of the same class I ever visited.

I found New York all that it had been represented to me. For beauty, noise and filth, it maintains an undisputed preeminence above its sister cities of the Union. It does not strike a Bostonian, when visiting the wharves, that there is a great deal of business going on about him, for the extent of sea-board is so great, compared with that of his own city, that the shipping is much more widely scattered. In Boston, the wharves are comparatively few, and are therefore very long, and surrounded with vessels. In New York they are many and short, each accommodating only a small number.

Neither New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore can compare with Boston, in the beauty of its private residences, or the magnificence of its public buildings. They have no Beacon street, or a succession of structures like our Banks in State street. They have nothing of the kind, comparable with our Market, Masonic Temple, or Tremont House. As to the Common,—the Park and Battery in New York, are to it, but as children's play-grounds.

The Park Theatre is finely fitted up for the coming season, and will almost challenge comparison with the magnificent interior of the Tremont. The stock company there, is, I should think, an excellent one. Mason as Pasio was poor enough. His action stiff and unnatural—his intonation, schoolboy declamation; but Placide is the best old man I ever saw. He unites the hearty rudeness of old Killmer with the comic humor of Finn, without any of the extravagance of the latter.

Burton of the Chestnut street, I think comes next. The Philadelphians may well be proud of him. He is exceedingly chaste, yet full of humorous vivacity.

The Philadelphians are accused by their Southern neighbors of lacking that open hospitality to strangers which makes them feel at home. A gentleman who lately visited that city with letters of introduction, told me, that a distinguished merchant on whom he called, chatted freely with him and invited him to call at his counting house whenever he was at leisure. But a counting-house acquaintance is not what a stranger desires. It is not frank hospitality.—The merchant should have flung open his doors wide. I say not this from personal observation, for I had no opportunity to test its truth. Perhaps the Quaker city will not plead guilty to the charge.

The inhabitants of Baltimore were most of them opposed to the late riots in that city; but a feeling of dislike existed in the breasts of all classes towards the gentlemen who were subjected to the vengeance of the mob, and this prevented for a time, any determined interference. They were vastly angry to see these individuals making a show of wealth, when so many were accusing them of fraud and injustice. Reverdy Johnson had lately appeared abroad with a new carriage, and a beautiful span of horses. This ill-timed display hastened matters to a consummation.

Some interesting and romantic stories of the riot were related to me by citizens of Baltimore. I will repeat them.

When the mob advanced to attack Johnson's house, they found it difficult to overthrow the splendid portico. They knew not where to begin. A man came from the crowd and volunteered his services, and under his direction it was laid in the dust in the most scientific manner. He was afterwards found to be the same workman who built it.

A copy of Audubon's costly and valuable work was found in Johnson's Library. It was brought down with shouts and opened on the top of the burning pile of furniture. Barbarous! barbarous!

A neighbor of McElderry told the infuriate crowd that the carpenter was to deliver the house into that gentleman's hands in about one week—and that if they destroyed the dwelling, the loss would fall on the innocent mechanic. The next morning a glazier was sent, who set all the glass that had been broken.

An Italian was seen exerting himself to stimulate the mob when they began the assault on Morris's; and it is probable that his mad exertions lashed them into double fury and rendered the work of destruction more complete.—The story told of him is as follows. He fell in love some time ago with Morris's sister; and often stationed himself opposite her brother's residence that he might see her. At last he communicated his feelings to the occupants of the store before which he had so long taken his stand, who told him, that they knew Morris's family and would assist him, and in consequence he gave into their charge a letter to her. This they answered, and again another, until the Italian was deluded into a fancied correspondence. So skillfully was the matter managed, that the fellow actually imagined himself on the full tide of successful experiment. At length an assignation was made—the place of meeting, Morris's house—and thither the Italian repaired. Mr M. met him, and he, supposing the brother privy to the secret, began to be very familiar. Whereupon Mr Morris kicked him into the street. His revenge induced him to labor as he did in the deed of destruction.

Of all dreary places, Washington in the summer time, is, as has oft been repeated, the dreariest. They are painting and refitting the Senate Chamber.

Gadsby's is the best managed hotel I ever saw. He sits himself at the head of his table, and every thing is under admirable arrangement. H.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Annals of Phrenology. Vol II. No. 2. We hasten to redeem our promise.

Art. 1. *Utility of Phrenology.* By Rev. Geo. Bradburn. A very sensible paper, and written evidently, by a conscientious man, who beside understanding his subject, is profoundly impressed with a belief, that instead of being too highly, it is far too humbly appreciated. So we think. And we scruple not to say with the Reverend gentleman—that, like the system of Christianity, Phrenology may be beneficial *to all men*, and *especially* to them who know and believe its sublime discoveries. We recommend the reader though, in justice to the author, to pause at the table of errata, p. 200, before he makes up his judgment for good and all on this paper.

2. *Phrenology and Religion.* Clear, close and prodigiously to the purpose. We know not the author, but he winds up with calling Phrenology, with singular appropriateness, the *Philosophy of Christianity*. And it is so. It deserves the name, and what higher name would you give? —what higher praise award to any discovery or any science? In a word it is a beautiful, free-hearted and tranquilizing essay. One singular error we observe in it though, and we lose no time in mentioning it.—Does the the author understand thus *marvellousness* and *wonder* are two different organs or *faculties* in Phrenology? If say—what is the meaning of this passage?

'A man may have large Marvellousness, Wonder and Idemlity, but small Conscientiousness, Reverence and Benevolence. Such a man will not have a religion of the same character as the one who has the *first-named three faculties* small, and the last three large. Other things being equal, the man *with the first three* large and the others small, will have much concern with the *invisible*, the *mysterious* and the *spiritual*,' &c. &c.

If yes—what a precious blunder for a Phrenologist! But peradventure there may be a little more blundering of the press here; and we are the more inclined to believe there is, from the fact that in the very same article, we find the two following. 'Large Destructiveness and Combativeness, with small Philoprogenitiveness and Adhesiveness will not allow the same religious result, as there would be, were they *reposed*' (meaning probably *reversed*).—And again, 'We cast the *temper* behind him'—meaning *tempter*, hey!

3. *Christian Spectator*—pshaw—why throw away my more ammunition! These broadsides at the Christian Spectator—

'resemble Ocean into tempest tost,
To wait a feather or to drown a fly.'

4. *Report of a Committee on a Skull whose history was unknown.* A paper, of itself, sufficient to establish the character of the Science. Call these things guess-work—why, you might as well charge the followers of Newton or Euclid with guess-work—when they measure the skies and weigh the ponderous orbs that inhabit there. Is the whole system of Astronomy guess-work?—So is Phrenology.—But not otherwise. After the committee had fully examined the matter, and the phenomena, not only of the Bristol Notty, but of the Boston knife, and published their opinion as of the skull, they were informed that it had belonged to *Delgardo the Pirate*.

5. *Consistency.*—Robert Cox: from the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal. Interesting and satisfactory.

6. *Commercial Duties.* (Edinburg Journal.) Excellent!—a first-rate paper on Banking and—strange to say—Consistentiousness. What a jumble-gallion!

7. *Shakspeare's Othello.* (Edinb. Jour.) One of many papers, which have appeared in the Edinburgh Journal, in illustration of Shakspeare's leading characters. Very pleasant and well managed.

8. *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.* (Same.) Capital!—Sir Walter Scott's philosophy of spectres, and the slandering boobies who believe in his omniscience, are beautifully touched.—Success to the whip, we say—and success to the knife, or where needed—ay, or the *tomahawk!*

9. *Injuries of the Brain.* Very well treated, and leading to just and most encouraging conclusions.

Take this number together—notwithstanding its typographical errors, owing perhaps to the illness or absence of the Committee of Publication, it is the best we have had: and that we take it, is saying a good deal for the Annals of Phrenology. N.

Professor Caldwell's Address—delivered at Dickson College, July 16, 1835. Hallowell: Glazier & Co. We recommend this little pamphlet to every young man, about to engage foot to foot with the difficulties of life—the things that make men of us. It is full of practical wisdom and healthy arrangement. If we had leisure, we should abridge a part; and *abridge* it only because we have not room enough to spare. As it is we can only recommend it to the lump. N.

Poetical effusions—by A. G. Horsey. The author of this will have us say a word of his book, whether or no. We are sorry for it. He is a shoemaker and would be a poet. There are a few passages of *true poetry*—to many pages of stupid prose; two or three flashes of genius to a world of evidence that the author had better give up poetry and betake himself to an honest calling—Bloomfield, Whittier and that more wonderful—most wonderful fellow, we forget his name, the radical poet of Great Britain, who might set the world a-fire——if they would give him fair play. N.

Gurley's Life of Professor Asbnun. The life of one great and good man written by another. Both enthusiasts—and both martyrs—we know not how others may regard the history of such men—the planters of Empires, and the Biographers of States—but for our single self, we look upon them as the chiefest treasures of a library. This is a book of nearly 300 pages, closely printed octavo. N.

Ladies Magazine, *for August.* That for July didn't come. Therefore please send to the Galaxy office—it will save postage. A very good number, with one capital article in it—extracted from a *Mother's Journal*, by Mrs Phelps. None but a mother can understand its full value, and a mother too, who has been a good deal in the habit of thinking for herself, and of remembering not only for herself, but for others; yet—a father—*any* father would find himself profoundly interested and well rewarded in reading it—ay, or in studying it.

Whatever else we may say—or not say—of the Ladies Magazine, it is a very understandable book, and a most especial favorite with our own good mother.—In fact, she is more than half persuaded, notwithstanding our solemn asservation to the contrary, that we, *ourself*, are the author of the very article we have thought proper to puff—and this—who ever heard of such a thing—before she knew a word of the puff. N.

It is only necessary to say of Miriam Coffin, that it has passed to a second edition, and that it is an American Novel. The first shews it to have received the fiat of public opinion, the second that it is the duty of every one to read it.

Messrs Carey, Lea & Co. are about to publish a new work by Washington Irving, to be entitled 'Legends of the Conquest of Spain.' It constitutes the third part of the Crayon Miscellany.

We have before us Mr Parsons's Oration, delivered at the Phi Beta Kappa Celebration,—published by Messrs. Russell, Odiorne & Co. We reviewed this Oration, soon after it was pronounced. It is a very creditable and useful production, but was wholly irrelevant to the time and occasion. H.

Unfurling the Flag. It is mortifying, when we reflect what a character Bostonians have acquired for taste, that a picture, commemorating a scene in which all are interested, and the object of whose exhibition is one which should excite our best feelings, does not receive even tolerable patronage: while the *gag* exhibitions, putting money into a mountebank's pocket, are nightly crowded. Besides the picture itself is a good one. The flag, the *morale* of the picture, is a specimen of finished art. The folds of the silk seem indeed waving in the breeze. The perspective of the street is very fine—very natural; and the grouping is bold and animated. We do not like the sky, for it is too labored, and the clouds are stiff and coldly colored,—nor the perspective of the mountains,—nor the richly dressed figure in front of the mob—his position having nothing of dignity—but aside from these points, it is worthy of attention. It is worth twenty five cents to see the *flag alone.*

Mr Spencer, who has charge of the exhibition, informs us that the picture, during the coming week, will be lighted during the evening. We advise all to go and see it. H.

ATROCIOUS!

The annals of newspaper warfare do not furnish a parallel to the following facts.

Mr James F. Otis, a respectable young lawyer of Portland, has been for a while the correspondent, and reputed editor of the Portland Advertiser, in the absence of Brooks. Mr Francis O. J. Smith, at the same time, has been the reputed editor and proprietor of the Eastern Argus—another paper published at Portland. These men belonged to different parties, and the two papers were in the habit of abusing each other year in and year out.

Now it so happened that Mr Otis became, we never knew how, an abolitionist, and one of the precious blockheads—we beg all their pardons—who appeared at Philadelphia not long ago, and there published a *Declaration of Independence for the Blacks*, of which we told him then he would soon be sick and ashamed before a twelvemonth was over. He had only to tarry at Jericho till his beard was grown.

And it so happened, neither the Eastern Argus, nor the said Francis O. J. Smith had any opinion whatever upon that, or any other subject, not immediately involving the election of some political candidate or other.

After a while Otis journeyed to the South, not on business—not for pleasure—but simply with a view to medical relief. During his absence, and while in correspondence with the Mercantile Journal, of Boston, and the Advertiser of Portland, he wrote and published a qualified recantation of his opinions as an abolitionist. He had been where they had not—hardly a man or woman of them all—among the slaves, and therefore had he changed his opinion.

Now—we pray the good people of this country, who are in the habit of regarding newspaper warfare as a very harmless kind of pop-gunnery, to look at what follows.

After these letters appeared in the Mercantile and Portland Advertiser—two or three weeks after, we believe—and while the excitement was raging like wild-fire through the south, and multitudes were taken up and Lynched—either hung outright, or tarred and feathered, or whipped to death without judge or jury, the Eastern Argus came out, and denounced James F. Otis, then travelling for his health in Virginia, as a *dangerous incendiary*—cautioning the people there to be upon the watch for *him!*—But before the Argus reached that country, he had already been seized—his trunk examined, and himself threatened with judgment, that most terrible of all earthly judgments, under what is called Lynch Law, administered by a ferocious and exasperated multitude! After a brief examination he was liberated. But hardly had he passed the boundary of the State when the Argus arrived—and, it was instantly felt, acknowledged and proclaimed that poor Otis had had the narrowest escape in the world—that nothing could have saved him! And this was undoubtedly true—what would his publications of innocence, ay, or his innocence either have availed at such a moment!—No more than the dust in the balance.

But enough. All we have to say now is—farewell, well. If you, H. Hastings Weld, are but faithful to yourself, and are industrious in working the mine you have in you, you will never have occasion to publish another volume of *Corrected Proofs*. Your fortune will be made without it. N.

A Yankee Trick. A man came into our office yesterday, at about two o'clock, when, after a forenoon's hard work, we were longing for our dinner, and said that 'he'd like to look at two or three papers—he'd heard a great deal of the Galaxy, and did'nt know but he should subscribe.' We handed four or five of the last numbers, complauded his determination, and assured him that he would get more than his money's worth. He deliberately sat down, and, beginning at the corner, read the five papers through advertisements and all. We were detained from our dinner an hour,—and when the rascal had got into his head as much knowledge as he could well stagger under,—he—walked off! We had a great mind to call him back, charge him for three month's subscription, kick him downstairs, and then make him pay for the wear and tear of the leather in the operation. B.

☞ The last Sunday Morning News contains an article under the head, 'Fashionable Travellers': giving the names of a score of titled worthies who are traveling our country. Notices of this kind are indeed going the rounds of all the newspapers: and European noblemen are heralded here, with as much outcry, as distinguished similar announcements in the London Court Journal. These very papers that consider the arrival of a nobleman whether of merit, save his title,—and that not earned by himself—a case of such importance, dare to talk about liberty and equality. Verily we hope the Sunday Morning News will tell us, ere long, which eye Lord John Beresford winks at when he goes to bed, whether Sir George Cockran's nose turns up, or turns down, and if the Prince Royal of Orange ever sweats when he feels a mosquito bite. It would be a great satisfaction, doubtless, to the community, to be informed of these particulars. B.

Brook's Letters. On our last page we shall do little from week to week the publication of Brooks' letters. Mr B. will look at all things fairly, and there is no doubt of his judgment's becoming perverted by improper prepossessions. He is a sterling republican. He may not inform much about the nobility, nor whether he has *had the pox*, but he will make just comparisons between England and his own land. He will give us an insight into those peculiarities of John Bull which are most interesting. He will put down all those minutiæ of habits and character, which have been too insignificant for other travellers to notice, but which are the very things to amuse and instruct us. We find some fault with his style thus far—it being in places irretorical and bearing the marks of extreme haste. We complain too, of the manner in which they print the letters 'Down East'—It won't do for Portland by any means. B.

The Daily Advertiser and New York Journal of Commerce are opposed to the determination of the Philadelphia banks, to reduce 'levies' or ninepence's to eleven cents, or 'fips' to five cents. Now in the face of these most respectable journals, we must declare our approbation of this coinage. The present fixed value of these coins, is an extreme inconvenience. Some rascal drawn his knife across a fourpence, and forthwith it is made below par; and many a time have we been compelled to submit to the declaration, 'The fip is only five cents.' We hope our banks will do the same. B.

Announcement—calculated for the meridian of New York. On Sunday last at New York, Mrs Mordecai, formerly Miss Clara Fisher, wife to Mr James G. Maeady, was delivered of a fine boy. The talented mother is as well as could be expected.

☞ The Legislature of this State are diligently doing what they assembled to do—revising the Statutes. Of course they cannot proceed fast, for it is a duty requiring careful investigation. All extra matters are committed to Select Committees that they may decide upon the necessity of legislating upon them. The Lieut. Governor in his opening address advised immediate action upon the Warren Bridge question and the Militia laws, both of great interest and importance to the community.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TOM POP.

CHAP. II.

Little Tom Pop went to see his grandfather old Jotham Pop.

And so, Tom Pop went to see his old grandfather and Mr Page went with him in a sleigh. And it was [illegible] when they got there; they had to ask all along the [illegible] where old Mr Jotham Pop lived; and at last when [illegible] tired almost to death, for the snow was very [illegible] they came to a log-house all alone by itself, and so [illegible] out to warm themselves and ask the way—and [illegible] they had hitched the horse by the door, they looked [illegible] the window, and there they saw an old man with [illegible] in his hand, and the funniest looking hat on you [illegible] saw, sitting on a wooden bench with a back to it, in a [illegible] corner. And there was a great roaring fire, and [illegible] of green wood steaming and smoking, and ever so [illegible] people at work round. Oh, ho! says Tom, there, [grand]father! there's grandfather, and he began to jump [illegible] and clap his hands like a crazy creature.

[Ah!] said Mr Page, is that old Jotham Pop?

[Yes] 'tis—walk in! said somebody inside the house; [walk] in and see for yourself!

And the door flew open, and in they went, and sure enough, [it wa]s old grandfather Pop himself! and when Mr Page [told] him what they'd come for, and all about poor little [Tom] Pop and his mother, and the fish-knife, old Jotham [turned] away his head and pulled his funny looking hat [down] over his eyes, and didn't speak a word, till Tom crept [up to] him, and took hold of his cuff and pulled two or three [times] and said—what's the matter, grandfather—don't cry [for] father's only gone to heaven.

Yes, yes, you young dog—I know that well enough; but [whe]re d'ye think your father's gone to?

Oh, said Tom—he's gone to see—poor father.

[Um]ph, said old Jotham Pop—poor father indeed. But [never] mind, my boy. I'll take care of you—he's gone [now], and I forgive her; but I can't help wishin' I'd seen [her] afore she went away for good an' all—poor Meely!

Poor Meely! says Tom; oh she's the dearest little baby [you] ever saw, grandfather.

Meely—baby—what d'ye mean, you dog you; what are [you] talking about? who's a dear little baby?

Why grandfather! I mean little sister Meely—don't you [kno]w?

A little sister!—what!—hey!—There aint another of you, [is] there?

To be sure there is! said Tom—to be sure there is, [gran]dfather, two more.

Two more! and who's the other?

Why pussy Pop, grandfather.

Pussy Pop, hey! And the old grandfather laughed, haw! [haw!] haw! Pussy Pop!—I shall have a pretty house full, at [th]is rate, haw, haw, haw!

Yes, grandfather—but one of em's dead now.

One of em's dead—what do you mean boy?—which of ['em]?

Poor little toddle-te-woddle-te Pop.

And who the devil's——

Why!—grandfather! said little Tom Pop, holding up [bo]th hands and staring at him—why! if you didn't say a [wi]cked word!

Umph!—did I—well, well my boy, I am sorry for it; [I'm] glad you've been so well brought up; so you shall stay [wi]th me, and when I say a wicked word, you shall just give [me] a pinch.

That's what I will! said Tom; I'll begin right away, if [you] want me to.

No, I thank you—but who was that little thing that's [dea]d—Toddle-te—what d'ye call her?

Toddle-te-waddle-te Pop, sir—O sir, she got scalded to [dea]th in a basin o' gruel.

Poor little thing! what a strange name though; Toddle-[te-]waddle-te—Pop? Who was she named after?

I don't know indeed, sir. I named her—all the rest [we]re drowned, sir; and mother was going to drown Tod[dle]-te-waddle-te, but I begged her off, and so mother gave [he]r to me.

By this time old Jotham Pop got confoundedly puzzled. [W]hy what on earth are you talking about, hey?—why [di]dn't they drown the rest of you?

Me, sir!

Yes—yes, sir.

Here Mr Page burst out a laughing; and explained the [w]hole matter. Toddle-te-waddle-te Pop was nothing but [a] little kitten, he said—but then, says he, there's one more [of] the party now, sir, that you'll have to take care of.

And who is he, said old grandfather Pop.

But if you don't choose to be troubled with them, said Mr [P]age, laughing all the time, till the tears run out of his [eyes], I'll take them all off your hands, and try to make [so]mething of little Tom Pop; and as for Melia Pop and [Pu]ssy Pop—we'll find something for them to do, when they [g]et bigger, I'll warrant ye.

No, no—thank you for nothing, said old grandfather [P]op. I choose to take care of my own brats with your [l]eave. But who is the other you spoke of?

Cæsar Pop, sir.

And who is he pray?

That's he! said Mr Page, pointing to the great dog that had followed them up, and was now lying before the fire with his nose in the ashes,—I have made Tom a present of him—here Cæsar!

And with that, up jumped Cæsar, and fetched a bow-wow—wow! that set half a dozen other dogs a barking.

So—that's he, hey! Come here, Cæsar! come here—Cæsar Pop, hey?—is that your name, sir?

Bow—wow—wow! said Cæsar.

You see how well he understands you, said Mr Page—go to your master, sir!

And when Mr Page said this, up jumped Cæsar and shook himself, and walked directly up to poor little Tom Pop, and began rubbing his nose against his bare neck and licking his face.

Why, said Mr Page—how that dog loves you! I should think you had been acquainted before—havn't you?

Well, sir, I don't know—but he always seemed to take a liking to me, and sometimes I've thought, maybe he was the dog that pulled me out o' the water when I was a little baby—for two or three years, whenever he sees me going down the wharf with my basket after chips, he always runs after me and keeps near me and won't go away till he sees me going away with my basket full.

Upon my word, I believe you are right my boy; for now I think of it, my man David told me a long while ago how he had saved a poor woman's child that crept along to the edge of the wharf, and fell overboard, while she was in a cooper's shop getting chips.

Yes, sir, that was I! I've heard my poor mother tell the story many a time.

Very well—the dog is yours; and he shall go by the name of Cæsar Pop.

And then, after that, Mr Page and old Mr Jotham Pop had a long talk together, and at last they agreed to let Tom go back to Portland where he lived, and go to school.

And so, after they had finished their supper of brown bread-and-milk—poor Tom was so hungry, he thought he never had so good a supper in his life—Tom went to bed, and dreamed all night long about Melia Pop, and Pussy Pop, and Toddle-te-woddle-te Pop, and Cæsar Pop; and the next morning, when he got up, he found Mr Page in a sleigh just ready to leave the door. And Tom felt sorry to have him go—and yet he wanted to stay with his grandfather; and so, after a while, they told him he might go or stay, just as he pleased. But if he went now, he might go to school—and if he staid, he couldn't go to school for a long while. And when he heard that, he went up to his old grandfather, and put his arms round his neck, and whispered in his ear, and told him that he wanted very much to go to school—please.

That's a good boy! said old grandfather Pop, lifting Tom into the sleigh, as he spoke.

Bow, wow, wow! said Cæsar Pop, jumping right into the sleigh after him.

And off they went—full spring—the snow flying—the bells jingling and the dog barking—rattle-te-bang—lickity-cut—all the way home.

And here endeth the second chapter. N.

MILITARY. Our soldiers will parade two days next week. On Wednesday, they will be inspected in the morning on the Common. At 12 M. they take up the line of march for Dorchester, where they will encamp for the night. On Thursday morning they will proceed to Quincy near the Railway House, and there be reviewed, together with the brigade under Gen Bradley.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

Advices have been received from Liverpool to the [illegible] of August. We subjoin a summary of the news.

The attempt on the French King had made a great sensation in England.

The Carlists in Spain have been defeated. The British auxiliaries have been taken and shot by them. The compact between Lord Eliot and Don Carlos has been violated by this, and England will interfere.

Mr Hume is about to impeach the Duke of Cumberland as being at the head of the Orangemen.

A slight change of ministers has taken place in Portugal—and the young Queen is to marry Prince Carignan, one of the royal family of Sardinia—twenty two years of age.

The cholera is raging in the south of France and in Egypt.

A bill for the abolishment of imprisonment for debt has made some progress in the British House of Commons.

The Sunday Morning Post, contains the following proclamation of the French King.

Louis Phillippe, King of the French, to all that the present shall see, salutation.

Frenchmen!—The National Guard and army are mourning. French families are distressed—a horrible sight has rent my heart—an old warrior, an old friend, whom the fire of a hundred battles had spared, has fallen at my side under the shafts which assassins destined for me. They have not feared, in order to reach my heart, to immolate the glory, honor, the patriotism of peaceful citizens, women and children, and Paris has beheld the blood of the best Frenchmen flow at the same place, and on the same day, that it flowed, five years ago, for the maintenance of the land.

'Frenchmen! They whom we this day regret have fallen in the same cause. It is still the constitutional monarchy—lawful liberty—it is the national honor—the safety of families—the security of all—that your and my enemies threaten; but public sorrow, which responds to mine, is at the same time, a tribute of respect offered to noble victims, and a conspicuous testimony to the union between France and her King. My government knows its duties, and will fulfil them. Yet let the festivities which were to signalize the last of three days, make room for a pomp more conformable to the sentiment that animates us; let just honors be rendered to those whom the country has just lost, and the veils of mourning that yesterday shaded the three colors, be again thrown over the banner which is the faithful emblem of all the sentiments of the country.

(By the King) LOUIS PHILIPPE.
The President of the Council and Foreign Minister.
V. DE BROGLIE.

Done at the Palace of the Tuilleries, 28th July, 1835.

A violent hurricane has made great ravages in some of the West India Islands. All the vessels in Antigua were driven ashore, as well as at St Croix. The St Thomas and St Croix packet was lost and nine persons on board perished. At Guayama, P. R. every thing was laid in ruins. Sixty estates were destroyed, and some lives lost.

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL. To the joy of every citizen, a resolve was passed on Monday to widen Tremont street from the corner of Beacon street to the estate of the late Gardiner Greene, by taking part of the estate of the heirs of Samuel Eliot, of Dr Ware and the Phillips estate.

Warrants were granted to the following officers of the Fire Department, viz: Samuel Neil, 2d assistant Foreman Engine No 4. Charles T. Rand, Foreman Engine No 11.

John Johnson, Aaron Smith, and Ferdinand E. White, were licensed as Auctioneers.

An order passed, that Second street, South Boston, be repaired between Turnpike street and the Brewery.

Rowe street ordered to be McAdamized.

Petition of Eleaner Homer to have the lines of O street marked out. Referred.

Petition of Wm B. Dorr and others, for another Engine at South Boston. Referred.

An order passed, instructing the Committee on Streets to close so much of Front street as may be necessary to carry on the works of the Worcester Railroad.

Adjourned to Monday next, 4 o'clock, P. M.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE. On Tuesday afternoon, a man named Joseph Smith, cut his throat from ear to ear. The jugulars were severed—but by sewing up the wound, his life has been for a time prolonged. It is doubtful whether he will recover.

ACCIDENT. An elderly man was knocked down on Wednesday by one of the locomotives on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and so much injured that he is not expected to survive. It is supposed he was deaf, as he paid no attention to the ringing of the bell or the shouting of the Engineer.—*Trans.*

On Wednesday about 11 o'clock, a lad four years of age, son of Mr T. Cooper, Charlestown Neck, while playing near the Middlesex Canal, accidentally fell in, and no assistance being at hand, he remained in the water nearly an hour. When taken out life was extinct. [*Brigge.*

MICHIGAN AND OHIO. These States seem determined to have a bloody termination of their dispute. Ohio has voted $300,000 for the expenses of the war—Michigan $310,000. The Ohio troops are advancing towards the Michigan Territory, and their opponents are about to meet them. Let our U. S. Government look to it, ere the dreadful consummation take place.

Professor Farrar has informed the Courier that Harvard has no instrument of sufficient power to enable him to discern the Comet. Yale has beat once.

Gen Smith, upwards of eighty years of age, has been elected Mayor of Baltimore. There was but little opposition.

A Yankee Blacksmith has applied Electro Magnetism to mechanical purposes. Professor Eaton, of Troy, says: he turns three horizontal wheels around 60 times per second with this power. The wheels and shaft weigh 11 lbs. He has convinced Professors Henry and Bache, that the power is sufficient for strong machinery. A detailed account of it will appear in the next number of Silliman's Journal. The Hon Stephen Van Rensselaer has purchased his first constructed machine (or model) for the Rensselaer Institute in Troy, as a piece of school apparatus. No chemical nor philosophical apparatus, can hereafter be considered perfect without it. Whatever may be its fate in Mechanics, it will cause the name of Thomas Davenport, (the inventor,) to accompany that of Professor Henry to the ends of the earth. Professor Bache, of Philadelphia, and Professor Turner, of Middlebury, Vt. have given opinions in writing, that Mr D.'s application of Professor Henry's discoveries may be made to move heavy machinery for useful purposes. According to their views, another Livingston might make another Fulton, of the Brandon Blacksmith.

The Western rivers have of late been very low, and business very dull—but they are now rising and the consequences are a briskness in business. Pork in Cincinnati is said to be going the whole hog.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce of Wednesday evening, gives the following account of a riot in Brooklyn:—

'A fighting party, consisting of about 200 individuals, this morning, about 8 o'clock, invaded the city of Brooklyn from New York, in several small detachments, and concentrated their forces at Red Hook Point, with the view of having a prize fight.

The good people of Brooklyn, however, having observed their movements, the Mayor and Sheriff, accompanied by a small posse of citizens, promptly repaired to the scene of hostilities, after they had been engaged about twenty minutes, and without regard to the rules of the ring, dashed into the midst of them, and succeeded in capturing a number of the bullies, who are all safely lodged in the cells.

There being several hundred laborers employed upon the roads in the vicinity, and apprehensive that they would interfere in the matter, a considerable number of the military turned out of their own accord, to render assistance, but the prompt measure of the civil authorities had rendered their interference unnecessary. The whole campaign did not last one hour.'

A boat containing six persons was capsized in the Delaware, near Newcastle, on Sunday afternoon last, and melancholy to relate, two of the number, John M. Stout and William Craig, both heads of families, were drowned, in attempting to swim to the shore. The other four clung to the bottom of the boat till assistance was rendered.

The number of strangers in our city is unprecedented, and the crowds flocking in equally so. The steamboat President arrived from Providence to day, brought over four hundred passengers. The rail road and other facilities for convenient, cheap, and rapid travelling, and the wealth which pours into the lap of every one, have set the world in motion. A friend who has just returned from Niagara, said that the throng all the way was so immense, that he was compelled to expect that when a few more rail roads were built, there would absolutely nobody be found at home.—*N. Y. Jour of Com.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Martial Durey, Jr. to Eliza Ann Merrill, of Portland—Richard M. Morgan to Mary Ann Kelley—Henry Thomas Rochefort to Elizabeth Ann Robbins—Edward Winsor to Harriet B. Sprague—Cyrus K. Banks to Hannah M. Cotton—Charles A. Dean to Elizabeth, daughter of Deacon Ezra Chamberlin—John L. Leavitt to Elizabeth C. Holland—Artemas Barnes, of Lancaster, to Alice Stetson; Oliver Grotte to Harriet Young.

At South Boston, Daniel Wherren to Mary Elizabeth Briggs.

At Roxbury, Rev Joseph Banvard, of Salem, to Martha R. daughter of Dr N. S. Prentiss; Joseph H. Clapp to Caroline, only daughter of Jacob Allen, Esq.

At Cambridge, John Balch, merchant, to Eunice Lyon.

At East Cambridge, George Rupp to Eliza G. E. Palsifer.

At West Cambridge, John B. Perry to Maria W. Locke.

At Hingham, J. Sturdevant to Lucy Stephenson.

At Salem, Maltby Strong, M. D. of Rochester, N. Y. to Eliza Bartlett, daughter of Hon Joseph E. Sprague.

At Keene, N. H. Daniel E. Pratt, of this city, to Charlotte W. Nims.

At Portsmouth, Orren Clark, of Boston, to Susan Smith.

At Brattleboro', Vt, Aaron E. Dwinell to Fanny E. Frost.

At Woodstock, Vt. Marshall Conant, of Boston, to Rebecca Darling.

At Kalorama, near Washington, Richard C. Derby,

[illegible] of Decatur, to Miss Louisa Lear, daughter of Col [illegible], of the Ordnance Department.

[illegible] At Woburn, John [illegible] to Judith S. Nevers, aged 78.

DEATHS.

In this city, James J. Hayden, 18; Helen Maria, wife of Theodore T. Raymond, 24; Andrew Richardson, a native of Aberdeen, North Scotland, 27; Sarah, wife of James Schofield, 30; Hannah L. wife of Johnson Lane, 33; Phineas Foster Esq. merchant, 50; Hannah Ware 64, formerly of Wrentham.

At Charlestown, Mary K. wife of Capt James Simpson, 30; Tabitha, widow of Cushman Perry, 64.

At East Cambridge, Nancy B. wife of the late Samuel Mansir, of Charlestown, 64.

At Watertown, Mary, wife of George Holbrook, 46.

At Newton, Hannah, wife of John Richardson Esq, 64.

At Milton, Betsey, wife of James Tucker, 71.

At Andover, Mahlon P. Chapman, a member of the Theological Seminary, 28; he was a native of Southampton, and graduated at Amherst College, in 1832.

At Royalston, Jehiah Metcalf, 27, formerly of Boston.

At North Adams, Samuel W. Cook, formerly of Brighton, 29.

At [illegible], Wm Dix, of Portland, and formerly of this city, 42.

At Bangor, Francis Wade, of Boston, 38.

At Hay Lands, near Louisville, Ky, Henrietta P. consort of A. Sidney Johnston, late of the U. S. Army.

At Claiborne, Alabama, William Coolidge, Esq. formerly of this city.

At Key West, Capt Randolph, of the revenue cutter Washington.

On board ship Ohio, on the passage from New Orleans to this port, John S. Blount, passenger, and Avery Gordon seaman.

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street. A few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

STOCK AT COST.

THE Subscriber having concluded to close his business, offers for sale his stock, with a lease of the store now occupied by him. The above presents a fine opportunity for any one wishing to commence business, the stand being first rate, and having its share of good customers. The stock will be retailed at cost, and consists of a good assortment of Wrought and Plain Shell and Horn Combs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Engravings, &c; a few copies of the French engraving of the Declaration of Independence on hand, which will be sold low, to close them. J. FRANCIS KIMBALL,

july 25 6w 16 Hanover-st.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and every application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON.

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.

april 4

COCHRANE'S
FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the above-named works without thus obtaining duplicates of any.

S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.

june 20

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.

A. S JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:

Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No 18, Union street. istf may

LADIES' BATHS.

BRAMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunging, and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a separate building. Female attendants at all hours.

Gentlemen's Swimming School now open for the season for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.

june 20 eptw

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET,

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 9 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.

june 20

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

ON and after Monday, 24th August, and during the remainder of the season, the Cars will

Leave Boston at 7 A. M.		Leave Lowell 7 A. M.	
"	" 11 A. M.	"	" 2 P. M.
"	" 5 P. M.	"	" 5 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

august 22 GEO M. DEXTER, Agent.

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, for the city [tr]ade as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe stock. For sale by [illegible] reasonable terms at No. [illegible] Market [illegible] RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,

Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.

may 2

TO TEACHERS.

GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Gauging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy.

The work will be comprised in about 360 pages of the duodecimo form handsomely printed on good type and paper, and neatly and strongly bound.

The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS, and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers of School Books, Boston.

☞Orders respectfully solicited. june 6

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochecho Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.

june 6

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL C. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman, Bassett & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Boots and Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, ladies' Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to his business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand. 5t june 20

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

REMOVAL.

CHARLES ADAMS has removed from No. 115 to No. 47 Hanover street, where he will be happy to wait upon his former customers and others who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage. He offers as above a general assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS at wholesale and retail.

august 1 is3t

SIX MONTHS IN A
HOUSE OF CORRECTION,

OR, the Narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction, in Leverett-street Boston, nearly six months in the year 18—. With some preliminary suggestions by the committee of publication.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 4

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52 Water st.

may 16 istf

THE CRUISE
OF THE MIDGE.

BY the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log' &c. New series. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 22.

COPLAND'S
MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART 1st, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 1mis august 22

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,

INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.

feb7 JOY'S BUILDING ROOM, No. 24.

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

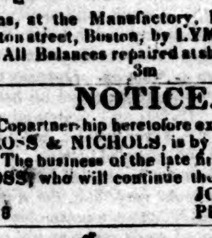
Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



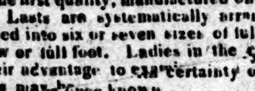
PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand. JOSEPH L. ROSS,

august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.



READY MADE.
CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country. Or find it for their advantage to ascertain the certainty of their fitters for shoes may be once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

MATTRESSES, FEATHER

BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

june 27

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Paletts: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,

march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

OF Useful and Entertaining Information, contains a large variety of most useful and interesting matter with beautiful illustrations, by wood engravings.

No's 5 and 6, just issued, contain, among other original and selected articles, an engraving of the method of teaching the blind, with a particular account of the N. E. Institution. The work is continued monthly, at $1 per year. S. COLMAN,

General Periodical and Book Publisher.

aug 29 Nos 18 and 20, Cornhill.

THE ALEXANDRIAN.

NO 27, containing the conclusion of Madame de Stael's Influence of Literature upon Society; Reflections on Suicide, by the same author; and the commencement of Mason on Self Knowledge, to be completed in the next No. Just received by SAMUEL COLMAN,

aug 29 18 & 20, Cornhill.

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c. Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bolien; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Messina &c &c. august 29

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents of the work. MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

JOHNSON'S MEDICO CHIRURGICAL REVIEW,

AND Journal of Practical Medicine—No 60, of this valuable Journal, just received by SAMUEL COLMAN, 18 and 20, Cornhill. aug 29

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Canisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

367, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee, of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas anticuitati præponenda sunt.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

FRANCESCA CARRARA. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. GOULD'S POEMS—New Edition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

BENJAMIN WILLIS,

DRAPER AND TAILOR,

No. 2, TUDOR'S BUILDINGS, COURT SQUARE, TWO DOORS FROM COURT-STREET, BOSTON,

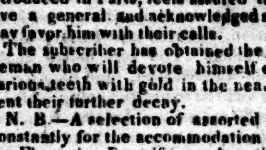
MOST respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the Shop lately occupied by Andre & Lovell, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches, and solicits a share of the public patronage.

B. W. has on hand a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere in the city.

☞Particular attention paid to CUTTING, and in workmanship, style, or fit, there will be ☞"No Mistake."

august 22 6t

IMPROVEMENT ON
DENTAL SURGERY.



DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. The unexampled success which has now been had of this work two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
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Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
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T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sup't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Chs K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Senag; Washington, D. C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y. T. W. M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bassett.

may 2

MISCELLANY.

[From the New-England Magazine.]

SPRING-NOTES OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

For away, and away, through the fleecy air,
Nor the North, for the North, away!
Oh, sweet are those odorous reed and fair;
But the wild yellow balsams await us there;
And the trumpet flowers through the wild vines, flaye
And the dark forest ridges array.

And we'll not fear our onward path to take,
For, for, through the trackless sky;
Near the verdant earth, our journey we'll make,
And float o'er the grove and feathery brake,
And bluegum, that border the silvery lake,
Or, if the caravan-breeze, sigh.

Oh, good are our fairy wings at need,
To wander from zone to zone;
To glance o'er the green and flowery mead,
And the broad prairie-lands, with arrowy speed;
For our rapid flight, not the rays exceed,
Most forth from the diamond-stone.

We'll leave the bright South, with its evergreen bowers,
And come with the summer and go;
Nor the feeblest shall fail, in this host of ours:—
For our wings He will nerve, whose sunshine and showers,
Spread wide, o'er the earth, our banquet of flowers,
A fair and glorious show!

L.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

THINGS IN ENGLAND—SCENERY, &c.

JUNE, 1835.

Every heart beat quicker and louder, as we sailed along the channel with Old England itself on one side and the Isle of Wight on the other. This is England then! With what joy does an American visit the land of his fathers, in whose glory, in whose triumphs over man and matter he shares! Shakspeare is ours as well as theirs, and so is Milton, and that by-gone host of mighty dead, who in aforetimes have consecrated almost every hill and glen that dots or marks the surface of old England. An American more than all other strangers, in just the man to feel and share in all the pride of England; and so is an Englishman, if he would but shake off his narrow political prejudices, the very man to love us and ours, as we are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. A community of language and of literature, makes us thoroughly understand each other. But what adds more to the charm, is, that an American wherever he goes, exchanges the new for the old, and an Englishman the old for the new. We step from the forest, the mighty river, and the terrific cataract, to a scenery as unlike ours as one can fancy,—so soothing, so quiet, so cultivated, so deliciously beautiful that I would hardly exchange all mere enjoyments of years for the one single day of unutterable delight, that the eye alone had when I first put foot upon the English shore. I did not believe that I saw nature.—I fancied that I was in a fairy land. It was so unlike for miles and miles, as I rode on an outer seat of the coach from Portsmouth to London, the scenery we have, that it did not seem to me possible that even nature herself could cover the earth in such beauty. The lawns were so verdant; the parks of the nobles and gentry so beautifully adorned with trees and walks and bridges; the cottages so tastefully inwreathed in flowers and ivy; and all nature in such a holiday attire, that moving as we did more than 10 miles an hour over a road as perfectly made as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, or the McAdamized way in front of the old State House, (Boston)—in a stage coach with twelve persons outside and four in, that I could not persuade myself it was aught else than delusion, and even now I enjoy all over again in the mere narration. The very horses as they galloped over the well-watered road, (and here is a luxury for the traveller; and the roads are kept sprinkled for miles, on some lines 60 miles out of London, from wells filled with iron pumps by the way side,) the very horses (so superbly groomed!) as they shook the flowers that festooned their heads, did indeed in their light trappings, 'share with their master light the pleasure and the pride.' What could be fresher or more novel than all this to an American,—and my delight was doubly increased by the contrast, for when I left N. York a tardy and a long stormy winter had scarcely warmed the earth or leafed the trees, and I had prepared me for the full enjoyment of a summer, that had prepared me for the full—I could not have selected a happier time to effect a contrast, for it was, as it were, awakening from the frost of rough and surly winter to the sudden warmth of a Lapland summer.

I have said that Englishmen and Americans are the very men to feel in the highest degree, the peculiarities of each other's homes. I have in part told you why, and as I have now seen England quite thoroughly, Scotland and Ireland some, I will tell you why. The horror—the utter detestation I have of much that is done here in manners and matters, no language can express. Of them I will speak anon—and I can very well see in what way a 'well-bred Englishman' must be shocked every step he takes in the United States. But I am now going to speak only of the first impressions of scenery and association—the delightful part of travelling which it is well only to think of, forgetting its afflictions as much as one can. I have said that an American when he visited England exchanges the New for the Old,—but here antiquity has one charm for an American that no European can feel. The old is not only old to us, but is is new also,—something fresh, and for the first time seen and felt. We have a new sensation all at once, a new soul as it were, and ideas that never before thronged the brain throng there now. We have not grown up among it as the Europeans has, and lost the novelty of the sight by a constant gaze,—but we have come from a far-off land, whose Cathedrals are the arched forests of a thousand years, with an antiquity beyond the stretch of History,—the builder of whose temples has been God himself,—working for ages in sublimity and silence, and terror amid the Mountain, Lake and River,—and we exchange this magnificent luxuriance of Nature for what HAS History,—for the land where the Briton, the Saxon, the Roman, and Norman dwelt,—for the Gothic pile, the lofty battlement, overgrown with the yew and the elm, and the tower buried in ivy—for a scenery beautiful, soothing and quiet as I have said, but as far removed from the awful grandeur of ours as the sun from the least twinkling star. I have laughed till it was painful, at English waterfalls kept for show (sights sold at six-pence! over which it is fashionable to have spasmodic enthusiasms) —and I have been and apt cast down at the pitiful ambition of man, as I have wandered over ruined Abbeys, and the broken-open stone coffins of great men and kings which the peasant now kicks from his pathway. Oh what lessons for the young American—how fruitful with moral instruction, and how solemnly impressing upon him the meanness of vulgar ambition!

The peculiar charm of English scenery to an American, is its cultivation. What we dislike most, an Englishman loves most. The trees that we hew down with barbarian recklessness, he plants with assiduous care. Forests that are bores to us are as mines of gold to him.—With just as much avidity as we (of the North) seek to build on the road, he seeks to build from it. As we of the cities dislike country-life, so he loves it. As we cluster together in villages, so he avoids them. As we seek the heart of a town, so he abhors it. These facts and the possession of landed property in few and noble hands, lead to some remarkable differences in the two countries. Hence though we may say in America with a semblance of truth, that 'God made the country, and man made the town,' he cannot say it here with any truth at all. Man here has had as much to do in making the country as in making the town. Wealth seeks it, and lavishes there its possessions. The chief ambition of almost every merchant is to have his country seat. One is quite necessary to a nobleman's rank.—Thus even the humblest farmer catches this most delightful taste. His cottage is often covered all over with flowers. The hedges are often beautifully trimmed about it. —Fine walks are laid out. All that is unpleasant in farming life is concealed as much as possible from public view,—it would be a disgrace for a farmer here to have such front doors, and such public barn yards as two thirds of our farmers have. By the way, this is important, and a farmer who will reform, will do great service to his neighbors—important I say, for such a taste has more influence upon the character of a people than many suspect. Hence too, there is a love for the country all over England,—and with it there is a taste for and an appreciation of cultivated scenery, of landscape that we have not.

The gentleman here make for his house a prospect as well as a foundation. The mountain and the little lake he always looks for when he can. A rivulet that we would think nothing of, I have often seen made every thing that is beautiful. The cliff that would be wild forever with us, is often adorned with walks, and flowers, and hedges. Even the little cascade is fashioned and shaped to make it yet prettier than it is. Wealth luxuriates in such a taste. The poor here are not driven as with us into the suburbs of towns, for wealth seeks the suburbs, there to build its walks and its gardens,—and the heart of the town is left for the poor. Let them the sitting sun, or the mid day sun as softened and mellowed by the ever-hanging cloud of an English sky fall upon a hedge-row than ever kept verdant and thus richly cultivated,—and an American can hardly believe that he sees aught else than a mighty picture. Fancy struggles hard with fact. We enjoy such things more than all other people unless we can them here. America our country is so new, and the contrast is so great. What an economy of delight, then, an Englishman must feel, reared and confined in a corner so quiet, so confining, so solid,—when taken from his little circle and thrown into the wide ocean,—his hills that he calls mountains, and lakes and pipes, his ponds that he calls Lakes and Lochs—his woods and parks that he calls forests, his meanders and babbles that he misnames waters falls—what depth of emotion he must have when going from home, he sees what is a River, a Lake, a Mountain, a Fall of water. This Father of waters, or the roar of Niagara are wonders to him which we can hardly share with him, born as we are within their influence. Some persons in Western Virginia, which by the way, I think the most impressive of all our American scenery, or many in Maine in her woods and fastnesses that I could mention,—which by and by will be 'the Lakes George' of America, would be fortunes, immense fortunes as mere shows in England. By the by, we differ as a people from the English just as our scenery and our localities differ. A curious essay I think might be written upon this, but I am, at what ought to be the end of a letter long already in the mist of an Essay in doors, and a London coal smoke, if I go out. I will send you letters enough and to spare anon.

B.

JUNE, 1835.

A truce to essays. I am on the wing again. You may consider me on the road to London, as entering London, mounted on an English coach—they never say *stage*, here; that's a Yankeeism, and marks an American in England. *Stage coach*, they sometimes say—never *driver*, but always *coachman*. Yes, you may consider me on a stage coach, as *being* galloped off to London from Portsmouth, 72 miles in 7 1-2 hours, including stoppages; fare 12 shillings, (about $2,) without the coachman, who comes in for 50 cents more.—You see I am as particular as a guide-book. The fact is, these are the very little things that every body wants to know, and therefore I have treasured them up—and now, if any one will take the trouble to draw comparisons he will see that land-motion is about the same in England as in the northern States, and cheaper than it is in the southern. Steamboat fare is dearer. In land carriage, the English are a century ahead of us, in comfort, expedition, certainty of motion, &c. In steamboat carriage, we are a little more than a century ahead of them—and as much better as their carriages and horses are than ours, so much the worse are their steamboats.

One of the new sights that first strikes an American eye is the number of red coats—of officers and soldiers that he meets with in the old world. Having been in Halifax and in New Brunswick, I was partially prepared for such an exhibition. The red-coated soldiers and blue-coated officers throng the streets of Portsmouth. One meets with them every turn he takes. Indeed it is no wonder that the English find little difficulty in procuring recruits, and the best of them too—for the poor fellow here must have a very bad taste not to exchange his doubtful condition in life and his rags for a red broad-cloth coat, and cap, and trimmings, with enough to eat, and but little to do.

Another of the new sights is the servants in their rich liveries. The gentlemen's servants of England look very like our dandies, and the gentlemen somewhat like our waiters. Indeed, one's idea of propriety is often wonderfully puzzled. These servants are such well dressed fellows, in such fine broad-cloth, with so many trappings, that I have to pucker up my mouth twice, before I can ask them to do a job. I cannot tell servant from master, and therefore I often go wanting. Opposite my hotel in Portsmouth, a fellow has often popped his head out, who interests me much. He has on a powdered wig, scarlet breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles, and a coat covered with embroidery and spangled buttons. If I had not had a hint or two, I should have taken him for the Duke of Wellington. He looks very like, the wig excepted, our Major Generals of Militia on a musterday. It would be a long while before I could make up my mind to ask such a piece of furniture to do any thing in a servile way. His master whom I have since seen, dresses very like some of our plain men—and herein is a lesson for a man-lover of fine dress—that he is playing in America the the very same part that a master makes his livery servant play in England,—And here is another lesson, too, for us. How ridiculous is that silly imitation of livery in the northern States—it is well enough in the southern, in another condition of society—when an American lives in such a miserable beggarly imitation of the rich and costly—such a miserable beggarly imitation of the rich too, can put on his fineries here—when an Englishman, family, whereas we republican Americans, of the arms of his the life of us, tell what families we come from—a large majority of us having no families at all. When we have the coat of arms, let us don the livery, and not before.

The 'coachman' of an English coach is almost always a fat man. Ours happens to be not over-fat, but he is the only lean one I have seen. We have eleven passengers outside, and four in. Four or five outside are ladies and ladies, by the way, ride on the outside as well as in. The quantity of baggage—they never say *baggage* in England, every thing is *luggage*—is immense. A coach on our roads would upset in a very short time with such a load. Nor could an English coachman drive an American coach on an American road. He would break the necks of all his passengers in a very short time; for such furious driving as will answer over a McAdamized road here, would be ruin over our roads. I have been often amused to see the wheel put in an iron shoe to go down a little hill, that an American driver would never think of at all. The inside seats of a coach cost nearly double the sum that the outside seats cost—and they are not half a pleasant, unless it be in a shower; but this is another invention to keep a certain class of people from all possible approach to another class.—This classification, is amusing all over Great Britain.—In some of the steamboats they have three cabins, graduating the price accordingly. On some of the railroads they have three classes of cars. These are little things, as specimens of many others more important. One sees this legal classification, as it were, the moment he enters England; and it is visible in almost every thing —so numerous and strong are the barriers that aristocracy girts itself with. English coaches are all licensed—which is an excellent plan—to carry so many passengers, and no more.

As we approached London two of our inside passengers, who after paying for an inner seat preferred riding outside, were driven in, as the coachman was afraid to carry thirteen passengers outside, his license extending to but eleven—and I marked thus as we went along, many of the cabmen in London put out their whips, as if they were counting us. The coach starts too, at the moment allotted it. At every stage the horses are all ready.—The time at which the coacyman shall be at all the principal towns, is marked upon the way bills, and the exact time of his arrival is marked too, by the agent there. Thus the punctuality of movement is wonderful. —It is like clock work. The guard—when there is one, and there is one almost always—keeps the time, and whistles to the coachman to make him drive faster—and every guard has a watch—if he is too slow. The mile-stones on the road, with his watch, let him know his exact progress.

The mail coaches all leave London at 8 o'clock in the evening, (all in Ireland leave Dublin in the same manner) for all parts of the kingdom—and it is a pleasant sight to see them, as they all start at the same moment from the General Post Office, the guards in their red coats all sounding their horns, and driving at once for the different roads all over England and Scotland. They drive about twelve miles, including all stoppages. Indeed, in any part of England, you can count upon the arrival of a coach for a certainty, within five minutes of the time allowed. As this furious driving would be some what dangerous in many parts of London, light carts with a single horse take many of the mails to the suburbs. The number of their passengers is limited.—In this admirable arrangement there are many hints for our coach proprietors, though upon our roads there can be no such certainty of movement as there is in England.

There are many little things all along the road, to remind me that I am in a foreign country. The *eagles* no longer answer my purpose. The *sovereign* and the *crown* have taken their places. Instead of dollars and cents, the talk is all of shillings and pence. A different law of the road prevails, directly the reverse of ours.—The coachman passed all carriages on the right hand instead of the left. A river now and then appears. The bridges are all of stone, magnificently made. Not a house is built of wood, all are of stone or of brick. The villages are ugly when compared with ours. In the beauty of those in the northern States, we far surpass the English. Window blinds and verandahs are never seen. And then the hotels have such odd names, that they really amuse one; for here I have just passed 'the Great Devil' and 'the Fighting Cocks',—am bound in the coach 'Bull and Mouth' by the 'Brown Cow, and The 'Hen and Chickens'—to say nothing of the 'Cross Foxes,' the 'Jolly Butcher,' the 'Boar's Head,' and the 'White Crows,'—all names of English public houses, odd enough to be sure. Every town in England I believe, has a 'George Hotel' in it—to say nothing of the 'Royal Victorias,' &c. &c. The best hotel in a place is called the 'HEAD HOTEL,' but by what law it has this claim, which all acknowledge, I cannot say,—but it often blazons the claim publicly enough.

For miles and miles out of London, there is as it were almost a constant succession of houses. At last I could see the black cloud of smoke that ever hovers over its immense hive of human bodies. I breathed my own long before I reached the Thames, of which I am sorry as I have, (but those Shakspeare and Milton smoke spoils it all. I shall prove by and by much as they are the delights as far as I can see,) and which I dare say is, and that not the one London, it was a pretty river, as we should call it, with low banks, that the Parliament would take in at one gulp;—and this was the Thames, the monarch of Thames, bearing on its little breast all the commerce of the richest, and Public empire, the greatest city in the world! Then Windsor Castle rose in sight—the residence of the King and the royal family, with the British flag floating over it to denote the presence of the King, as our flag floats over our capitol, when Congress is in session.

But all my eyes were for London. Soon we were ingulphed in this whirlpool of human beings, swallowed up in the mighty vortex,—in the city of the growth of centuries, where man has been dying for hundreds and hundreds of years, and other men have filled the reservoir—where battles and the plague had striven to see which should work direst havoc with human life,—where the great dead had thronged, and the mighty living were thronging,—and here am I one solitary man knowing not a human being among one million and a half like myself. And here, even here over the very dust of the best slain by the Plague, and the mightier best slain by Time, palaces are up,—the wild reckless laugh is heard *—Commerce is boisterous pushing its wealth,—the beautiful lady and gallant beau were driving with their high and proudly decked steeds,—and the golden embroidered livery of servants is flashing in the sunset. Oh, there is something painfully sad on entering such a city! Where are the men who years and years and years ago figured so lustrously, the Kings and the Nobles, the Orators and the Poets?—and where such men as Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Sheridan and Fox are gone,—with other dead within the walls of yonder Abbey.—I am writing this within the sound of Westminster,—what is Fame or Wealth that this host now boisterously trampling the streets, should seek it thus? Does Wellington or Peele within the walls of St Stephen's either promise himself an existence like a Marlborough or a Canning has not, that each struggles so fiercely in the conflict of parties? What confusion is here! What involutions of streets and lanes! What piles of brick and mortar and stone! What a wilderness of men! What a Hell of thoughts and actions, and I among them all am but the millionth and five hundredth part! Good God, how utterly insignificant we are. B.

* Regent street is now the fashionable street of the city. Here the dead who died of the Plague were buried. There the women of the town now thickly congregate.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND

BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.

BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.

NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the Season, of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P M for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday mornings at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No. 56 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth	$2,00
Dover	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick	2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendenin, will leave the wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 5 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 56, Washington street. may 30

PERIODICALS FOR SEPT.

THE American Monthly Magazine, edited by C. F. Hoffman, author of 'Winter in the West,' and H. W. Herbert, author of 'The Brothers.'

Ladies, Book Ladies' Companion. Christian Examiner. Annals of Education. Horticultural Register.—Mechanics' Magazine. Apprentices Companion. Scientific Tracts. Blackwood's and Metropolitan Magazines and Foreign Quarterly Review. Waldie's Library. People's Magazine, &c. &c.

S. COLMAN,
20, Cornhill.
sept 5

FORTY

PACKAGES FRESH GOODS.

JUST received by E. F. NEWHALL, a full assortment of

French and English Merinos,
Plain, Plaided and Figured Silks,
New Style Shawls—filled middles,
English and French Prints,
Colored Table Covers,
Highland Plaid Shawls, and other NEW GOODS, for sale low at 179 Washington street. sept 5

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (oppo te the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100	dos extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,	
100	do do do Plain do	do
200	do Medium quality do do	do
150	do do Stitched do do	do
300	do Common do Plain do	do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

J. BURRILL,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

73

CORNHILL.

july 11 6w

BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns.
LIFE PRESERVERS. SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods promptly attended to.

FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.
july 25

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august 9

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Celebrated Fluid Extract of

SARSAPARILLA AND GUAIACS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impurity of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gout, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now presented by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and strange many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strength, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezereon, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT.

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The surprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing as unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist London.

Sold wholesale and retail by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS.

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. The plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the [illegible] and seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 20

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, was ell as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 43 and 45 Cornhill; William Brown, 461 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 189 Washington street; Brewer & Brollers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 161 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 53 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulency, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all affections of the Bowels.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Simeon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronized and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia, Mash's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptres. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

STOCK FRAMES,

BEDDING SHIELDS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Rheumatism, Inflammation of Kidneys, Piles, Ophthalmia, Bilious and Nervous Fevers, Typhus, Yellow Fever, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Bowel Complaints, Inflamed Bowels, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Ringworm, &c. &c. &c. Whitlow Boils, Inflammatory Sore Throat, Scarlatina, Bronchitis, and Glands, Bruises and Sprains; Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds; every grade of Ugeatest Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the injured parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound, so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammation who specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Ulcers and Abscesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflamation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Alst. by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

MAN'S GREATEST AND

BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, accompanied by unusual sufferin. from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it had been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency in regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and she Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach.

S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8. 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months ago, I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 1y

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and